



The *Magazine for the Christian Home*
Hearthstone

DECEMBER, 1952 ★ 25c

The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

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Housetop Chat

We tried to squeeze in at your fire-side, but there wasn't a smidgen of room, to be found. It was no place for a chat, anyway—all hustle and Christmas bustle. Everyone asking questions; no one replying. Doorbells ringing; everyone rushing to answer them. Stepping over boxes and bundles, dodging cooks with cooky pans hot from the oven, we found happy confusion everywhere. Persistent though we be, we grew discouraged. What to do? What to do? We simply must find a place for a Christmas chat. Suddenly, the answer! We'll shout our message from the housetops: *Hearthstone* is bursting at the binding with Christmas treats for every home!

★ Best of all is our cover. A lovely French Madonna, relaxed and calm, in a typical home setting, quietly teaches her child about the objects around him. She shows him the luscious grapes from the basket. Childlike, he rests his hand on the fruit but centers his attention elsewhere.

★ Another *Hearthstone* gift to our readers is the beautiful picture on the opposite page. There are more gifts to unwrap: An article on Dickens and his *Carol*, with reproductions of pages and drawings from the book. A missionary-editor's account of Christmas in Japan, with photographs from a director of missions and from a professional photographer. A discussion by a sociologist and his wife, of how families can effectively participate in community affairs. A page of pictures showing one family's Christmas customs. And more!

Next Month . . .

New Year treats a plenty! With the new year, a new series of articles begins. It's about the Christian in politics, medicine, industry, and other occupations, by leaders in the fields. A university president writes on "How Grown-Up Are You?"; a missionary, on "Family Life in India." Other titles: Facing Up to Military Service; The Peace of Our Children.

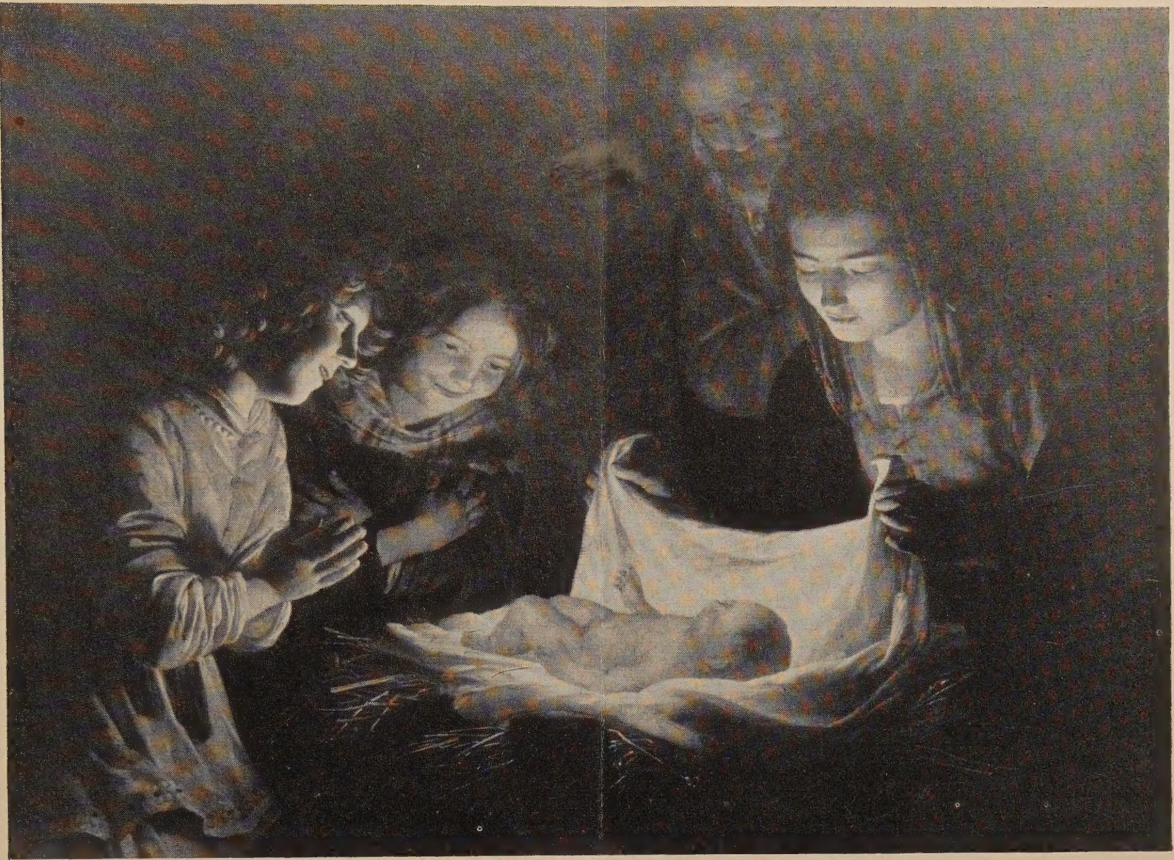
And now, before we come down from the housetop, we want to shout, "Merry, merry Christmas!"

Picture Credits

Three Lions, cover, pages 8, 9; Harold M. Lambert, page 14 (top); Religious News Service, 4 (bottom), 14 (bottom), 15, 16 (bottom); Cy La Tour, 16 (top).

In the September issue, the picture on page 5 should have been accredited to Harold M. Lambert.

Cover: "The Madonna Del 'Uva," a painting by Pierre Mignard (French School: 1610-1695), reproduced from an Ektachrome by Three Lions.



Abbott Book Collection.

—Gerard van Honthorst (1590-1656).

THE ADORATION OF THE INFANT JESUS

The Word and the Light

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God; all things were made through him, and without him was not anything made that was made. In him was life, and the life was the light of men. The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it.

There was a man sent from God, whose name was John. He came for testimony, to bear witness to the light, that all might believe through him. He was not the light, but came to bear witness to the light.

The true light that enlightens every man was coming into the world; he was in the world, and the world was made through him, yet the world knew him not; he came to his own home, and his own people received him not. But to all who received him, who believed in his name, he gave power to become children of God; who were born, not of blood nor of the will of the flesh nor of the will of man, but of God.

And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth; we have beheld his glory, glory as of the only Son from the Father.

—John 1:1-14.

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The Word

"I will sing with the spirit and I will sing with the mind also," wrote Paul.

Let us, then, make sure the carols we love are full of meaning for our children when they say . . .



By Richard T. Gardner

Let's

Sing

WHEN Cathie was in kindergarten, one of the things she enjoyed most was the chance to sing Christmas carols with all the children of her school at their annual carol service. In the weeks preceding the event she would practice the entire program for the benefit of her family. One evening she asked, "Daddy, what's a 'mercy mild'?"

Daddy, somewhat shocked, attempted an answer something like this: "Cathie, a 'mercy mild' isn't a *thing* at all, but those words describe the kind of world the angels were singing about on the night Jesus was born: 'mercy' means kindness and fairness; and 'mild' means gentle. You see, the angels were singing about the peace, the kindness, and all the right ways of acting that Jesus would bring into the world."

"But, Daddy, who are 'sinners' and what does 'reconciled' mean?" came another question.

These questions were the beginning of a most interesting Christmas project for our entire family. Mother started out by searching the church library, the public library, and browsing through our own collection of books and magazines. Nowhere could she find that "just-right" book that would explain to a child the adult words of the Christmas carols which all children love to sing. Daddy went through his files of youth program materials. Altogether, we collected much interesting information, but in widely separated places, and all a little too advanced for childish comprehension.

THEN the thought struck! We would make our own book, just the way we wanted it. Cathie and Rick, her four-year-old brother, selected a list of their favorite carols which, it is interesting to note, included twelve hymns of the church and about five of the kind we later called "fun carols." The list was their own, but they

admitted that they did not understand very many of the songs which they had selected.

So Mother and Daddy got to work on their research. We read all the stories and interpretations that we could find. We read of the lives of the composers. We even delved into the mythological history of that most important character of Christmastime—Santa Claus. At last, we considered ourselves well enough informed to answer all real or potential questions the children might have with regard to their list of carols.

The job of putting on paper the results of our investigation fell to Daddy's lot. The Christmas story itself was omitted, because this the children already knew, and they had several lovely books giving a very satisfactory presentation of the story. Our book arranged the carols in the order of their sequence in the Christmas story, with the "fun carols" composing a second part. We decided to call our book "Let's Sing About Christmas."

We began with the carols of the angels visiting the shepherds in the fields: "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing," "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear," and "The First

Noel." It was surprising to us how many of the words in the very first carol were beyond the understanding of a small child. We explained the meanings of the words in each carol. In the first carol, "hark," for example, means listen; a "herald" is an announcer or messenger; the first line, then, means "listen to the message the angels are singing." We suggested playing a game of "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing." The children were asked to hum all the lines of the song telling about the angels, but to sing those lines telling *what* the angels sang.

We built our explanation of "The First Noel" around Ploekhorst's painting "Tidings of Great Joy." Seeing the picture helped greatly to explain the message of the song.

The story of Phillips Brooks's love for children, and the fact that

course, they were shown how to dramatize the hymn "We Three Kings." Many times since, our entire family has dressed up as Wise Men, and sung this hymn before our own crèche.

One of our favorite family customs, a Christmas Eve carol service, developed partly as a result of what we learned about the Martin Luther family's celebration of Christmas. Grandparents and close friends are invited to share this vesper hour with us. The children come to appreciate this carol service and have acquired a deeper love for Luther's "Away in a Manger."

The first part of our book ended with the story of "Silent Night, Holy Night." As much as the children already loved this carol, it became endeared to them even more when they learned that the song was a Christmas present from one friend to another.

In the "fun carol" section, we showed the origin or early use of some of our present-day Christmas customs. "Good King Wenceslaus" was included as an example from the long ago, of doing good for others at Christmastime; "Deck the Halls," to show the use

of home decorations during the Christmas season, "Jingle Bells," to acquaint the children with some of the ways of their forefathers back in horse-and-buggy days.

Only one song was selected which dealt with Santa Claus; it was one of Cathie's school songs, "Up On the Housetop." Here we faced a definite challenge, that of tying in the fictitious Santa Claus with the real meaning of Christmas. Here is the explanation we gave:

"Jesus came to live in this world to show people how to be good to everyone. He taught us to do good things for people. Jesus himself did so many good things for other people, that everyone who knew him wanted to be just like him. Since that time, people give gifts to each other to show their love.

"There was once a very good man named St. Nicholas who went about secretly doing good, kind, and helpful things for those in need. At last someone found out about him. There came a time when people began to say of any good deed done in secret, 'St. Nick must have done it.' In America, the name St. Nick, or Santa Nicholas, finally became Santa Claus. So, at Christmas-

About

he wrote a Christmas song for his own Sunday school children, makes "O Little Town of Bethlehem" more meaningful to children. We used this hymn to show the children that size or greatness are not so important in this life. Little children, like the small village of Bethlehem, can contribute greatly to the happiness and well-being of the world.

Next, in our book we turned our attention to the visits of the shepherds and the Wise Men. Here we used "O Come, All Ye Faithful" and "We Three Kings of Orient Are." In this group we tried to suggest that on that first Christmas, people came to honor Jesus, and they brought whatever gifts they happened to have. Children can still bring presents to honor Jesus. It may be their money, or it may be some kind act, some thoughtful word, or even a Christmas carol sung with enthusiasm to the honor of Jesus. Of

Christmas



time, when we are remembering the birth of Jesus and are trying to honor him and do the things he would like to have us do, we speak of that loving, giving spirit as Santa Claus."

After the writing of the book was completed, the family was again called into service. No child's book is complete without pictures. Fortunately, Mother has the habit of saving Christmas cards of past seasons; so Mother and the children carefully sorted them and picked out suitable pictures to illustrate the book. All pictures were grouped in categories: angels, visitation, Christmas customs, etc. As each chapter was read to the children, they selected the pictures they wanted to use. We were fortunate in finding a small paper-back book of carols, with black-and-white illustrations. We selected one picture for each carol, with the view that later they might be colored according to the children's tastes and artistic abilities.

"Silent Night, Holy Night" sang the choir of the St. Nicholas church in the mountainside village of Salzburg, Austria, in 1818. The priest had written the words and the choirmaster the music. And God made the setting!



Because the children liked to pretend that they could read music, Daddy made varicolored scores of all the songs. Some notes were blue and yellow, some rests were lavender, but mostly the traditional red and green prevailed. The children thought the music looked "Christmasy." Had there been a real artist in the family, original sketches would have helped out considerably.

Work on the book began four years ago, and it came into use during Cathie's second year in school. That first year, Mother or Daddy read parts of it every night



—Hofmann

THE VISIT OF THE WISE MEN

This beautiful picture may be used to illustrate the carol "We Three Kings."

during the Christmas season. The next year Cathie read it to Rick. Last year Rick read it for himself. This year, our book still occupies a prominent place in our home from Thanksgiving until New Year's Day. It is quite worn; each year we patch some pages, or repaste some pictures. We enjoy making it, and we enjoy using it. For many Christmases to come, we look forward to a pleasant holiday season with "Let's Sing About Christmas!"

♦ ♦ ♦

For parents desiring to acquaint themselves with the stories of the carols and with plans for using the carols in home services, here is a brief list of books. Perhaps some of these may be



—Plockhurst

HARK, THE HERALD ANGELS SING!

Charles Wesley's Christmas hymn, written in 1739 and revised in 1743, was set to music from Mendelssohn's cantata, "God Is Light."

obtained from your local library; if not, write your religious publishing house.

Music in the Religious Growth of Children, by Elizabeth McE. Shields. (Abingdon-Cokesbury, Nashville, Tenn., 1943; 128 pp., \$1.25.) This is a good book for parents to read before beginning the project described in "Let's Sing About Christmas." By a specialist in the religious education of children, it discusses: Selecting Children's Songs; Guiding Principles in Using Songs; Purposes of Songs; Cooperation of Church and Home. Throughout, the author gives specific examples to illustrate her points and suggests titles of books for further reading.

Carols of the Ages, by Edna Rait Hutton. (Bethany Press, St. Louis, Mo., 1943; 77 pp., \$1.00.) The author gives a brief history of the carols, describes their national sources, and interprets the message they bring. She includes a candlelight hour which may be adapted for home use, and gives a list of "enrichment materials."

Christmas in the Home, by Glenn McRae. (The Bethany Press, St. Louis, Mo., 1945; 64 pp., 50 cents.) Invaluable for the Christmas season, this little book contains the words and music of five of the best-known carols, and a short account of the history of each one. Best of all, it suggests simple Christmas services for the family, in which carols are an important feature.

Stories of Popular Hymns, by Kathleen Blanchard. (Zondervan Publishing House, Grand Rapids, Mich., 1939, 5th edition; 142 pp., \$1.50.) It contains brief accounts of some of the carols, describing briefly the writers and the circumstances surrounding their origin.

(Continued on page 47.)

By **LESLIE R. SMITH**

Minister, Central Christian Church, Lexington, Kentucky; author of the books: "From Sunset to Dawn," "This Love of Ours"

In this hustle-bustle, mechanized age, how urgently we need the support of a loyal family group. In preserving family togetherness,

FAMILY CUSTOMS DO COUNT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY ANNA WHITE

IT IS TO be regretted that the American family has so few traditions built around it. Even the taffy pulls, the corn popping, the husking bees, the quilting parties, the nut gathering, the molasses making and the family sings of a generation ago have almost entirely died out. Of course, there are many reasons for this unfortunate trend.

In the founding of our country conditions were unfavorable for the continuation of family traditions. Separated from their families, those who came to the New World broke from them not only politically and religiously, but likewise in many of their customs. No doubt a whole new set of family traditions would have sprung up if so many things had not followed to discourage this growth.

Many American families are scattered over the length and breadth of the entire continent. Thus the reunions which characterized the early days of our founding are now an impossibility. The last few decades have seen a great acceleration of the tempo of living. There is scarcely time in the average American family for the observance of tradition. Few meals are eaten together. Every member of the family has his own separate program to follow. Commercialized entertainment has taken the place of family fun. We feel not only that we must buy our recreation, but that we have to go outside the home to get it. Even the church is divisive. It separates boys and girls into Sunday school classes according to their age; it puts fathers in a men's class, and mothers in a women's class. Of course, climaxing all these trends is the modern attitude of indifference—a tendency to let things develop as they will. So the matter of family tradi-

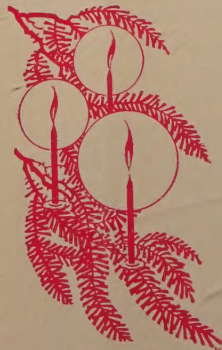
tions is fast becoming only a memory.

But discerning folk are beginning to realize that, as a result, we are missing a great deal of who'some living. One of the reasons for a general breakdown of the home may well be that we have not built those traditions which help hold the family unit together. A few years ago, Drs. James H. S. Bossard and Eleanor S. Ball, of the William T. Carter Foundation of the University of Pennsylvania, made a study of four hundred homes—a fairly representative cross section. They found that, while the majority had no family customs, rituals, or traditions, yet those which did, possessed a decided and powerful experience which definitely helped to hold them together.

The lack of traditions not only robs the family of one of its greatest unifying factors, but it also takes from the members that coveted sense of belonging to a loyal group—a group which has the interest of each at heart, which will stand by in the hours of need with whatever encouragement and support are necessary, which will also participate in the hours of joy to increase their gaiety.

Again, those families which observe traditions, tend to develop a certain sense of responsibility on the part of every member to perpetuate those traditions and to uphold family ideals. Many a young person has refrained from questionable conduct simply because of the vivid memory of these joyous happy family times together.

Teen-agers, who particularly like ritual, form and tradition, and those young people who soon will found new homes can perhaps do most to stem the current trend. The former can do much for their own homes, and the latter can begin from the very





1. It's Christmas Eve and time for all to help trim the tree. No, it won't look professional, like the tree in a show window. But what a thrill when it's finished, and the lights go on!



2. Father reads, "'Twas the Night Before Christmas." In the background, displayed on the table, are the family's Christmas cards.



A demonstration at church of
ONE FAMILY'S

Christmas Customs

3. (*Right.*) While Mother, a church school teacher, plays the piano, everyone sings about Christmas: "Away in a Manger," "Silent Night," and other favorite carols.

4. (*Below.*) Father shows a filmstrip about the Nativity, while Mother, sitting near the worship center, reads the script.

5. (*Not shown.*) All gather round the worship center for a short devotional service. Here, Mother reads the Christmas story from the Bible, and the service ends with Christmas prayers.



start to give traditions an opportunity to develop in their family life.

PERHAPS we ought to note at the outset that traditions need not be limited just to pomp and circumstance. Many people have this wrong conception. They associate the observance of old customs with something very special, perhaps even regal. But this is far from truth. Traditions can be built around the simplest endeavors. They will, if given the opportunity, grow easily out of the things a group likes particularly to do, which are regularly repeated until the family begins to look forward to them and finally to accept them as necessary. They may grow out of chance happenings which need only a little encouragement to make them flower into full-blown customs. Note this report of a teen-ager.

"I was in my last year in high school when the depression came. Our family was hard hit by it. I succeeded in getting a summer job to help out. The first Saturday I worked, Daddy and I came home about the same time (ten o'clock) in the evening. I remember that I fried some eggs and made some coffee for us that night. While we ate, we talked about our experiences at work; then we put our weekly wages on the table and, with mother, we planned our expenditures for the week ahead.

"Thus became a practice which has continued at our house ever since. Every Saturday night, we meet in the kitchen of our home at ten o'clock. Eggs are fried, and coffee or cocoa is served. Then we talk—about our work, experiences of the past week, the family income, our plan for family expenditures, and other matters of family importance."

How simply and naturally the Saturday night snack-time and talk-fest developed!

ANOTHER very fertile field from which family traditions may stem is that of the religious, which has the additional impetus of "oughtness" to keep it going. Thus grace at table, devotional periods together, and church attendance may become rituals. These little things, both secular and religious, if pleasant and often repeated, become woven into the commonplace of existence like bright threads, giving character and lending enchantment to the whole pattern of life.

Now let us look at what may grow out of some simple experiences. Grace at table has been mentioned. Some people, unfortunately, can quote by heart the brief prayer which was religiously, consistently, and routinely uttered by the head of the house three times a day throughout one's early home experience. But others have different memories.

In one instance, a three-year-old saw a religious playlet in which a Jewish family, in old-time costume, gathered for a meal, joined hands and repeated the Chemosh, "Wherever love is, there God is." Later the boy asked his parents why they could not say the same thing when they sat down at table. And they did. Thus a custom was begun, and it continued. Visitors at the house, appreciative of it intro-

duced it to their families. Girls insisted that the custom be a part of their prenuptial ritual and carried it into their newly founded homes. Newly married couples declared that the truth "Where love is, there God is" had helped them through many very difficult experiences, for it not only brought them much closer as husband and wife, but likewise made them feel that God was very near to them because of the glory of their own love.

Here is another family, all members of which are very musical. They always sing their grace, with all the parts. To share the Doxology with them is an experience not to be forgotten.

Grace may be varied until the variation itself becomes a tradition. Turns can be taken; set or original prayers may be used; silence may be observed; or each may express aloud one thought of gratitude even without lowering or closing his eyes.

For several years a local church paper carried a weekly grace which might be used at the table in the homes of the parishioners. Imagine the minister's joy when one of the members told him that each week her family clipped it from the paper, used it during the succeeding week and then pasted it in a "Scrapbook of Grace."

Since one of the few times a family can get together is at mealtime, this fellowship ought to be explored for possibilities. Some families (despite a tendency to coop themselves up in a small breakfast nook where manners are permitted to lapse in the general confusion) insist on having the evening meal in the dining room, properly served, and thoroughly enjoyed. Here, away from the confusion of smaller quarters, conversation may be developed, nerves quieted, and fellowship greatly enhanced. Some have a favorite-menu meal once each week. Others build toward a very special Sunday morning breakfast or Sunday evening supper when they can leisurely partake of their food and come to know each other better.

Perhaps in this busy day we should schedule family nights and hold to them as tenaciously as we do to a business appointment. On those evenings, by majority choice, the entire family may well pop corn and make candy, listen to a favorite radio or television program, go to a show, attend an artist concert, read aloud, dine out, go window shopping, plan a vacation.

The family council and family devotions can soon become traditional. In the first, some families keep a log of their experiences and then go back to them after some time has elapsed, discuss them, see where their activities could have been improved. Others share some of the thoughts and experiences which have come to them

during the past week. Some have a more formal business session, followed by a devotional period and a songfest.

A high school girl, whose parents carried on no devotional life, came home from Conference one year, determined to do something to supply this lack. She purchased Sa'llman's "Head of Christ," put a lighted votive candle beneath, read a psalm or other

(Continued on page 46.)





In a home in Yokohama, this Japanese Christian minister and his wife and daughters kneel beside their tree for their Christmas devotions.

Christmas in Japan

With parties and presents, trees, decorations and carols, it is surprisingly like Christmas in America, but there is a difference—so writes this American missionary in Japan

CHRISTMAS in Japan—how different from Christmas in America! And yet—and what is even more surprising—in how many ways how similar! Into this oriental land of Shintoism the customs for observing the great Christian festival were introduced by European and American missionaries, students, traders and travelers, as well as by Japanese Christians who had traveled or

By Margaret Garner

Missionary of the Evangelical Reformed church; formerly assistant children's editor, Christian Board of Publication

studied abroad in occidental Christian countries. Little wonder, then, that there are both similarities and differences in the Japanese and American festivals. First, let us look at the similarities.

Early in December the large department stores display their Christmas decorations. Some of these are as elaborate as anything you might see in similar stores in America. Outside of the store a huge Christmas tree may be set up and decorated; while inside you will find a wide variety of decorations. Sometimes incongruities appear which seem quite funny. In one store a huge band of angels,

life-size, were descending from the ceiling to the floor, looking as though they were walking on a cloud or a band of light. A recording system fixed to this may have the angels singing "Jingle Bells" or "White Christmas" rather than what one might expect—Christmas carols.

Of course, all of the small shops decorate, too, but on a much less elaborate scale. Many of them are content with a small evergreen decorated in the usual manner. Schools and many of the public buildings have trees, and so do many Japanese homes. The Japanese make a great variety of Christmas tree decorations. Perhaps if you look closely at some of your own you will see that they were "made in occupied Japan."

In the Christian schools there are many Christmas parties, much as there are in America, but with one difference. The church, the Sunday school, each school class, each and every school organization, every Bible class, every conversation class that you have in your home, all have their party. Party, party, party—and of course, in a relatively small school the same people will be at each party. The teacher receives a special gift from each group with which she has contact.

The exchange of Christmas cards is almost as widespread as it is in America, and they are likewise of various types and kinds. You can get lovely block-printed or hand-painted ones. Also there are many rather gaudy imitations of American cards. You will find everything from dogs and cats to religious themes on the cards. The girls in the Christian schools often make money for their school projects by getting old American cards and using the pictures to make new cards, which they sell to their classmates.

Here, the minister's family is decorating the tree. Many of the small decorations used in Japan are once again finding their way to trees in America.

Christmas music is constantly playing on the radio. The carols are sung and sung and sung in the schools. The *Messiah* by Handel is usually given several times in every city of any size. In fact, all of the visible, outward signs of Christmas, even including Santa Claus, are all around you. Still it is not the same as Christmas in the United States.

In Japan few Christian homes make much of the festival of Christmas. In many instances there is greater observance of the season by the commercial enterprises than by the Christian homes. Christmas trees are fairly expensive but not prohibitively so; however, many many homes have no tree for this reason. The parents will deny this pleasure to their children; yet they will come bringing a gift to the missionary. It seldom occurs to them that the missionaries would much rather they would buy a tree to add to the family's pleasure than to have a gift for themselves. On the other hand, the Christian church could do a great deal at this point by encouraging the erection of Chris-

tian worship centers in the homes to be used as the center for the family Christmas observance. Some beginning has been made at this point but progress has been slow.

Another difference in Christmas here in Japan and that in America lies in the fact that even in a Christian school there are many girls and boys who are Christian but whose parents are not. This creates a problem both for the mission school and for the church which these young people attend. It means, actually, that all of the Christmas that many boys and girls have is what they get at school and at church. There is no Christmas for them at home. This is one reason for the continual round of parties and exchange of gifts at school and church. The hope, of course, lies in the future when these young people establish Christian homes.

Perhaps something more should be said about Christmas music in Japan: Western Christmas music has been wholeheartedly accepted by the Japanese people. Beginning sometime in November the





Many are the Christmas parties and programs at the Japanese schools. At the left is a joint chorus of the Seigakuin Boys' School and the Margaret K. Long Girls' School, in Tokyo, in 1951. At the right the boys' chorus smilingly poses for its picture. The school tree seems to be a solid mass of decorations.

radio continually plays everything from popular, secular Christmas songs, to carols, and to the great Christmas oratorio music. The land is flooded with Christmas music. The great love of the Japanese people is Handel's *Messiah*. It is sung; it is played; it is whistled. It is well performed; it is mutilated. But most of all, it is loved.

The great difference in the use of Christmas music in Japan and in America lies in the difference in the understanding of the meaning of the music in the two countries. Granted that America is a very secular country; there still remains ingrained in the people an understanding of and appreciation for the spirit and meaning of Christmas music. In Japan there is a great love for the music, but it is more for the music itself. Japan is a nation of music-lovers. Their enjoyment of the Christmas music of all countries shows something of their good taste in music as well as the univer-

sal appeal the great Christmas music has. Of course, with the Christians there is an understanding of the spirit and meaning of the music; but with the non-Christians it comes to be only good music. One may hear it played in a department store, in a night club. Loud speakers blare it in the streets; drunks sing it as they wobble home late at night. In church, in Christian or non-Christian schools in short, in any place at any time, there is music, and with very little thought for its appropriateness for the occasion.

A Japanese Santa Claus takes part in this Christmas celebration in a Christian church in Shinjo, Japan. The minister, Chujiro Ito, stands near the star on the tree; his wife and daughter are kneeling in the front row, left.



Christmas becomes a time of almost real agony for the missionary. While it is very nice to receive a constant stream of guests and to serve a constant flow of tea, it is very trying to have to accept the many gifts which the Japanese feel that they must shower upon missionaries at Christmas. People who do not give gifts to each other, who do not exchange gifts in their homes, who cannot afford to give gifts, come bringing their gifts to the missionaries.

The explanation lies in the fact that the system of gift-giving in Japan is a rather exact science. There are gifts to be given when someone dies, and when someone marries. There are gifts to be given when you go out for dinner; there are gifts to be given when someone has helped you in some way. Custom decrees in each instance just how simple or elaborate each gift is for each occasion.

Similar rules apply to the Christmas
(Continued on page 38.)

A STORY

By Helen J. Reichenbach

SWEET BURDEN

*What must an older person
do when his world seems to
crash down around him?*

IT HAD NEVER troubled Grandpa Clark that he made his home with his youngest daughter, Maudie. For some years now he'd been one of the family in the small old-fashioned house that had the same good-natured look about it she had. He'd kept his dignity and even a wee bit of independence, and he adored her three children and liked his son-in-law, Paul. Summing it all up, he'd been as happy and contented as his arthritis and seventy-three years permitted him to be. Then, all of a sudden, his whole world came crashing down, and all because Maudie said those few words to Paul in the kitchen just a short week ago.

Naturally, Maudie was unaware that Grandpa had heard her. She probably thought he was still asleep



None of Grandpa's misery had escaped Alicia,
and her heart was wrung.

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY TIMMINS

there in his room off the kitchen that he shared with Johnny, the seven-year-old of the family. But his arthritic knees had wakened him and so he *had* heard. Never would he forget it—never!

First, there had been the crisp crackle of paper—Paul's weekly pay check, no doubt. Then came the fateful words he had heard:

"Oh, dear, I hardly know how to stretch the money any more so it'll reach," she said. "With prices going up every day—and *so many* of us" She sighed and

stopped, but Grandpa had heard enough—more than enough.

That meant him! He knew it as though she had spoken his name. *He* was the *extra* one, the added expense. For a minute he just lay there, gripped in panic, then, careful not to waken Johnny, still asleep beside him, he inched to the edge of the bed. There he sat, his bewildered eyes going aimlessly about.

This room with its beloved chaos—why, for years it had been his very own. Even sharing it with

Johnny hadn't marred the precious ownership. The gaunt old bookcase, the stack of old newspapers and magazines he meant to "get at" one of these days, Ma's rocker with the bright patchwork pillow she made just before she died—all precious—all his. Here he rested; here he felt "good."

But now the room seemed to look back at him with hostile eyes—and why not? *Wasn't he a stranger in this house?*

MAUDIE STAYED at the breakfast table after Paul had gone to work. She sipped absent-mindedly at her coffee while she covered the back of an old envelope with what seemed to be a problem in arithmetic. Her pleasant face was just a little troubled.

Paul's salary as a garage mechanic didn't go far these days. She could see by the figures before her that they wouldn't be able to have their usual big turkey for their Christmas dinner just two weeks away. But no matter. She'd fix a nice big chicken with lots of dressing, using Ma's favorite recipe which would delight Grandpa, dear old romantic that he was. Maudie smiled and scribbled on, and presently Grandpa came in. He returned her greeting briefly, then stopped at the window vaguely to button a cuff and stare out into the snow-filled garden so intently one might expect to see that a pansy bed had sprung up out there overnight. Maudie eyed him thoughtfully. Grandpa was mad about something, she could tell. Oh, well, he'd get over it. . . .

"I'll fix your egg for you in a minute, Darling," she told him, to which he replied coldly, "Don't believe I care 'bout one this morning. Daughter." He did not turn around.

Maudie turned the gas higher under the coffee-pot. "Don't you feel well, Dad?" she asked with concern. "Maybe I should call Dr. Poole. . . ."

And add a doctor bill to what I already cost you, thought Grandpa bitterly. *Absolutely not!*

"Don't you go worryin' 'bout me," he said lightly. "I'm fit as a fiddle."

Usually this half hour before the children came down was cozy. They'd sit over second cups of coffee and chat about this and that. Sometimes it was a serious matter that Maudie consulted him about.

"Jimmy" Jimmy was her fifteen-year-old. "Jimmy stayed out past his allowed time last night, Dad. What do you think . . . ?" Or it would be about Kathie, the twelve-year-old of the family who was sometimes quite a "handful." Or maybe Johnny

**The creed of a true saint is to
make the best of life, and to
make the most of it.**

—Edwin H. Chapin

had said or done some clever thing. Anyway, Grandpa always felt important at such times—always.

Now and then Maudie found herself in a little financial "jam" and she'd come to him quickly with, "Dad, it's the newsboy and I'm a little short. It's thirty-six cents. . . ." Things like that.

Then Grandpa would walk importantly into his room and reach far behind the upper row of books in the bookcase where he kept his "dab." That's what he called the tiny pension he received. Of course, Maudie always paid him back religiously. That was understood. He loved the little "fuss" she made over him every time. It had been a gentle life, satisfactory in every way.

Now, here they sat like ice cubes in a tray—glum—apart—and only because he had heard a few words with his heart instead of his ears. Because of them he now saw things with new eyes—the sudden shabbiness of the heretofore cozy kitchen, the way Maudie needed a new permanent, and many other things they all needed. Pretty soon the children came down, swarming "all over the place," the way he noted with this new touchiness of his. Smoldering, he got up and went to his room. He had to be alone to think this out.

Often older people had little to "fall back on," as Grandpa noted among his friends—but *he* had. There was his older daughter, Alicia, who lived in a city some hundred miles away. Her husband was a bank teller and she had no children. Her spacious apartment was Grandpa's home any time he felt like making it so. Time and again she had told him so. Now, as he reached out a big-knuckled hand for pencil and paper to write to her, he wondered why he hadn't gone to her long ago.

Now he had no intentions of telling Alicia *everything*. He was too loyal and proud for that. He merely said he'd been considering making a *change*. Could she come and get him?

ALICIA did not fail him. Two days later her big car rolled into the yard. The whole family rushed out, even Shep, the old dog. Only Grandpa lagged behind. He felt it hard to feign the surprise the others so honestly felt. He looked a little foolish, but no one noticed. Alicia came over and gave him a big hug that made his heart glow. How lucky he was to have this beautiful, stylish daughter in his hour of need! He could hardly wait to be off with her.

But Alicia wasn't in a hurry. She enjoyed herself with the children. Over their heads she and Maudie—the sisters had always been close—exchanged a long steady look that ended in an understanding twinkle of the eyes. Then they all went inside.

Grandpa found it hard to contain himself during the hour of "visiting" that followed. He wasn't himself until he sat in the car beside Alicia, skimming through a countryside that reminded him of Christmas post cards. It was like riding on a cloud. Grandpa felt like a boy. *Why hadn't he done this long ago?* he scolded himself. He gave no thought whatsoever to what lay behind him, but when an elaborate dinner along the way left him squirming with the flames of indignation he did think fleetingly of Maudie's good home cooking. If only he had just a pinch of "sody."

But soon they were at Alicia's and once more his spirits soared. Here was comfort and plenty. Here he would not be one of many—*too many*.

"Welcome home, Daddy!" said Alicia graciously as they entered the spacious rooms. "I hope you'll be very happy here. Now just take off your things and hang them over there while I run next door and fetch our baby. . . ."

Baby! Grandpa stood open mouthed. Since when had Alicia and Bert had a baby? He was still standing there staring when Alicia came back carrying a tiny, almost hairless dog that wore a sweater. It was a-twitter with joy until it saw Grandpa, then it froze.

Grandpa froze, too. After big old Shep this looked like a—a—well, he didn't know just what. "What kind of critter is it?" he asked.

Alicia was horrified. "Critter! Oh, Daddy, you mustn't—*mustn't* say that, especially not to Bert. He idolizes Nibsy. Come, Baby, let Mamma put you in your little bed," she said to the dog as she placed it in a basket where it sat shivering, regarding Grandpa with beady, suspicious eyes. "You must try to win her over, Daddy," said Alicia. "It's most important. Then we'll all be happy. . . ."

Humph! Well, then they went to look at Grandpa's room. It was small but pleasant—and neat as a pin. "I hope you'll be comfortable here," said Alicia. "Just don't lie on the bed in the daytime, Dear, will you? You see, the girls are in and out here and I wouldn't like them to see it all messy. Here—" she patted the big upholstered chair near the window—"you'll *love* sitting in this."

Grandpa had a fleeting vision of himself "flopping" on his bed back home any time he was "a-mind to." He tried the chair and promptly felt himself doubled up. His arthritic knees forbade rising. Alicia had to lend a hand. She frowned. "Dear me, this isn't so good, is it?" she said. "You'll need a straight chair. Well, we'll let it go for now. I must hurry with dinner. Bert will be home in a minute."

And so he was. Now Grandpa had met Bert several times, but to

tell the truth he had never "cot-toned" to him. The man was pleasant and kind at the table, seeing that Grandpa had everything, yet he gave you the feeling that he wasn't really paying any attention to you. Vainly did Grandpa bring up topics for discussion, and vainly did Alicia flutter between the two men. There was just no getting together. It was nothing like back home where he and Paul spent countless hours wrangling pleasantly about everything under the sun—the Cleveland Indians or the New York Giants, what Congress should have done *ages* ago. . . .

AFTER DINNER Bert and Alicia went to a party. They left Grandpa alone, which was what he wanted and needed. And yet. . . .

Well, it was just a little queer being all alone when you hadn't been so for years. Seemed like one of the children just *must* run in about something, if only Johnny with a nose to wipe.

Grandpa went to the window and looked down into the street. White lawns everywhere were dotted with firs that bore colored lights. Strings of them decorated gables and front doors. Sort of got you *by* the throat when you had the memories Grandpa had.

About the night before Christ-

mas, for instance. Ah, the gay time that was! Why, he could see it as though it were really there before his eyes—Jimmy bringing in the tall stepladder, Kathie busy with the strings of popcorn she'd made, Johnny falling over his father's feet again and again. For Paul would be sure to be sprawled out in his big chair taking "last-minute" peeks at the evening paper before things got going. And Maudie, well, Grandpa could just see her—up on a chair in the doorway of the little closet reaching up to the top shelf where the big cardboard box of trimmings was kept. She'd take the box down and turn with it in her hands and she'd look down at it and say, "My land! Will somebody tell me where all the dust comes from every year?" Then, she'd blow a little puff of it into the room and everybody'd laugh. Then she'd come down off the chair in a funny little leap and then—well, then, things got going.

Of course, everything was all right here and he would be perfectly happy, but suddenly he had to tell himself so—over and over again.

Later when he got ready for bed, well, that *was* bad. When you're used to a small warm shape sleeping beside you, a bed can yawn
(Continued on page 40.)

~~~~~ All in the Family ~~~~~

By Harold Helfer

Seven Massachusetts brothers and sisters, with a combined age of 510, recently got together at Brockton for a family reunion. They were: George W. Sturtevant, 71; Mrs. Hannah Jane Drew, 77; Mrs. Nellie Iola Taft, 73; Arthur J. Sturtevant, 75; Mrs. Lucy E. Carr, 67; Herbert E. Sturtevant, 69; and Benjamin P. Sturtevant, 78.

In Spokane, Washington, six years after her dying mother told her to "hang on to that pillow and never give it away," Marie Flechsig decided it needed a new cover, ripped off the old one and discovered one thousand dollars.

Mayoralties seem to run in the Mackay family of Canada. Don Mackay has been mayor of Calgary since 1949; his grandfather was mayor of Walkerton from 1895 to 1906; and his uncle G. D. Mackay was Walkerton's mayor in the early 1920's.

Now a member from each of the three generations of the Hoeffles, of Brooklyn, New York, can claim a golfing hole-in-one. All the aces were scored at the Lake Morey Inn golf course at Fairlee, Vermont, where the family has spent summer vacations for thirty-one years. Dr. Frank Hoeffle scored a hole-in-one in 1939. His son, Dr. Milton E. Hoeffle, did the same thing ten years later. Recently, Dr. Milton Hoeffle's son, 14, came through a hole-in-oner.

Leo Ehrig, deputy clerk of the U. S. Court of Appeals in Washington, laid down the law to his wife Lenore the other day. He was swearing in Mrs. Ehrig to practice before the bar.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Brannen, Maysville, Kentucky, should never have to hire a nurse in case of illness. The Brannens' five daughters are registered nurses.

FAMI

*Working together or in support
of churches and local agencies,
families can do much to improve
their home communities*



These young people are the victims of their surroundings, for in an atmosphere such as this, vandalism takes root and gangs flourish. The ounce of prevention? Removal of the blemish; attractive recreational facilities for teen-agers. The secret formula?

Leadership! Vision! Action!



"Operation Rat," in New Haven, Connecticut. Sponsored by church leaders, it is a project to clean up dilapidated apartments and rubble-filled lots. Volunteers do the work. The secret formula?

Leadership! Vision! Action!

H E SAT ON his front step, watching some twenty or more children playing in the street and on the sidewalks, his own among them. He was an engineer and had moved into the neighborhood only a short time ago.

The houses were close together. There were no yards. Across the street was a large lot where the owner started to build but had discontinued on account of a shortage of materials. Lumber and bricks were strewn about. A wire fence as high as a man's head surrounded the lot. The fence was plastered with "No trespassing" signs.

An automobile horn honked. The players grudgingly let it pass; then flowed back into the street in its wake.

His neighbor, whom he had scarcely seen before, came out to get the air. He sat on his step a few feet away. The engineer ventured a remark: "What a place for children to have to play!"

"Sure is cluttered and dreary. Aren't there any playgrounds or parks near here? I'm new in the neighborhood."

"I don't know; I'm new here, too. Suppose we take a look."

Thus began a venture in community cooperation and neighbor-

By NELLIE K. and GEORGE E. BREECE

Mr. and Mrs. Breece are both active in church and community affairs in Pasadena, California. He teaches sociology at Pasadena City College, is vice-chairman of the church board of First Christian Church, and teaches a church school class. She teaches biology in a junior high school and at night at Pasadena City College. At church, she is a member of the pastor's council and chairman of the committee on world causes.

VENTURES IN COMMUNITY COOPERATION

liness. The two families got acquainted, investigated the play facilities, and found them wanting. The cluttered lot, they discovered, belonged to their landlord. He would rent it for twenty-five dollars for the summer season. If they would clean it up and not harm or destroy the materials on the property, he would return half the rent at the end of the summer.

The two families canvassed the homes in the near-by blocks where there were children old enough to play. They obtained contributions amounting to \$60.00 for rental and equipment. Men, women, and children set about to make the lot usable as a playground. Even the smallest ones would carry bricks, one at a time. Some of the fathers who were handy with tools made most of the play equipment. The mothers served potluck suppers on rough tables assembled from some of the lumber. These city neighbors got acquainted and became a joyous, friendly unit with a purpose. The mothers supervised the play during the day, taking their turns; the fathers were on duty during the evening shift. There was to be no play during the hottest part of the day, which was naptime for the small fry.

The summer playground was a great success. The children were off the streets and were happy. But, best of all, a community spirit was born. The landlord was so impressed that he gave back the entire twenty-five dollars.

THE YALE INSTITUTE of Human Relations, after an exhaustive study, has reached the conclusion that the family and the community are the only social

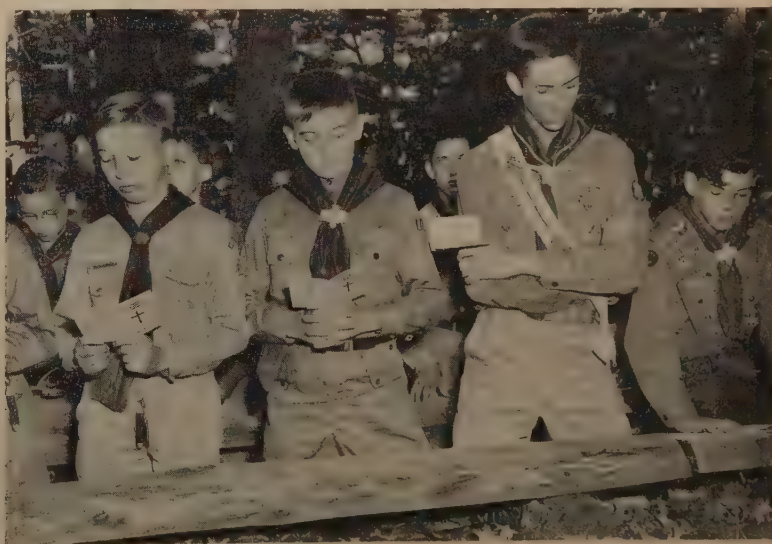
groups that are genuinely universal, that occur in every human society. They are tough institutions, and no political entity has outlived the breakdown of vigorous family and community life. The rapidly disappearing community relationships in America should, therefore, give us pause.

In the past, according to the Yale report, nations have run a cycle with monotonous regularity. A robust, canny, moral, frugal, rural population accumulates wealth, goes to the city in large numbers, and grows in culture, wealth, power, and prestige. It breaks down its face-to-face, primary, community life, becomes corrupt, weak, selfish—a secondary relationship dominates. It goes the way of all flesh and sinks into the limbo of remembered great nations. We have but to read the

pages of ancient and modern history to discover the great peoples that have run through this process of social and political evolution.

The family is too small to live as a self-contained unit. It must be an integral part of a community of families. We have overglorified some of the elements of the family and the community of the "good old days." One of the difficulties with the older generation is that it remembers itself as it was not, and tends to remember the high peaks of past experience as though they were plateaus of everyday events.

We cannot force society back into the old ways. Husking bees, log rollings, hay rides, and the like smack of the artificial when we try to re-create them today. We must begin where we are and work from



A successful Scout troop needs the wholehearted support and encouragement of the families of the boys or girls, and of the church or school that sponsors the group. The secret formula?

Leadership! Vision! Action!



These boys could also throw rocks to break windows. Instead, in a wholesome environment, under adult sponsorship, the "gang" becomes a team and plays according to rules. The secret formula? Leadership! Vision! Action!

there within the situation and with the tools we find at hand. *We must have vigorous small community life in the rural setting, in the small town, and in the city.* This is essential if we expect long-time health in family life and in the life of the nation.

To this end, we venture to point out some of the areas in which the family can take leadership in community projects, and in turn show how this interaction reflects upon the welfare, happiness, and stability of the family.

CHILDREN are the neighbors in the city. They know one another up and down the blocks, whereas parents do not even know the person who lives beyond the six-inch wall that separates one apartment from another. We would suggest that communities, large and small, create play centers for pre-school children, not only for the benefit of the children, but as a part of adult education.

A family or families may take the lead in establishing such cen-

ters. The mother and child or children attend three hours once a week. Usually the place of meeting is the school, but it may be a home properly equipped. No child is to be allowed to attend without its mother. This is an adult education project, but it is a great boon to the only child or to any child. The leader should be someone trained in adult psychology as well as in child psychology. The role of the mother is to observe and record her child's activities, but not to interfere with them. Subsequent conferences with the leader are held. Once a month

mother and father attend an evening lecture or forum on some topic related to the business of living with their children, and of being easy to live with.

In states where adult education is financed by the state or the school district, the expense may be properly taken care of by these agencies. Where such is not the case, families will find it advantageous to cooperate in meeting the cost, and in planning the program to fit the income. Some mothers may be well trained in psychology and may be rich in practical experiences. These may act as leaders,

EVERY COMMUNITY is rich in opportunities for families to take leadership. Cub Scouts, Girl
(Continued on page 42.)



A "Fun Club," in Lansing, Michigan, the first to be organized by the American Baptist Home Mission Society to aid churches and communities in dealing with juvenile delinquency. With a membership of 27, aged 9 to 11, it meets once a week for movies, handicrafts, organized play, etc. The secret formula? Leadership! Vision! Action!

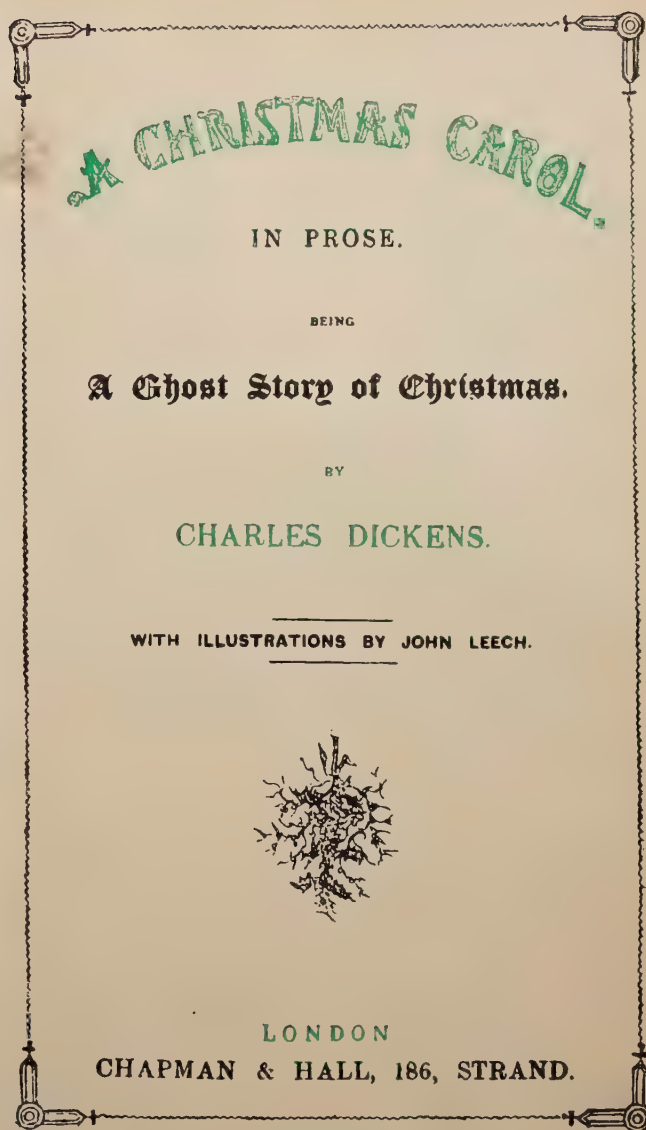
By MAYMIE R. KRYTHE

*More than a century ago, a great
storyteller-reformer wrote a
little book that brought pleasure
to thousands, and, besides, . . .*

IT HELPED

“SAVE”

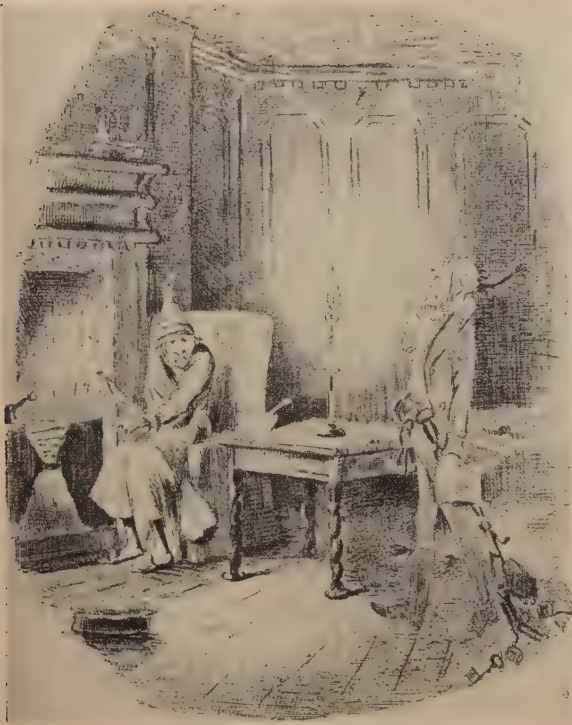
CHRISTMAS



Produced at great expense, the first edition of the “Carol” was a beautiful book. It had a salmon-colored binding, with a Christmas wreath (below) stamped on the front cover. The title page (above, in the same size as the original) was printed in blue and red, and the endpapers were green.

AS WE JOYOUSLY celebrate Christmas today, it is hard to believe that even in the early part of the last century, many people paid little attention to this important day. As several holiday customs had originated from pagan rites, some believed that Christ’s birthday should not be celebrated. In 1642, in England under the Puritans, an act of Parliament forbade its observance. No one was allowed to close his shop on this day, eat special holiday foods, or light Yule candles. On Christmas Eve a crier went round the streets of London, ringing his bell and calling out loudly, “No Christmas! No Christmas!”

With the restoration of the monarchy, under Charles II, holiday festivities came back into favor. But, in general, Christmas was not observed with the same spirit as in medieval times, when such customs as the use of holiday greenery, yule logs, candles, carols, and long



MARLEY'S GHOST

"Marley in his pigtail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots; the tassels on the latter bristling, like his pigtail, and his coat-skirts, and the hair upon his head ... his body was transparent." Thus did Dickens describe the ghost of Scrooge's former partner, and John Leech, famous humorous artist, drew this illustration.

Christmas feasts were enjoyed. As years passed, religious services were held at some places on Christmas Day; but its secular celebration was frowned upon.

However, in the first half of the nineteenth century, Charles Dickens—so G. K. Chesterton declared—helped save Christmas for modern generations, through his beloved *Christmas Carol*. Its publication helped bring about a change in the spirit of the Christmas festivities. Dickens and his *Carol* made it a time for family gatherings, without detracting from its religious significance.

Dickens wrote this masterpiece during the "hungry forties," when a revolution was threatening England. Other writers, too, were bringing to public attention the unhappy condition of the poor; for example, Carlyle; Mrs. Browning, in her "Cry of the Children," and Hood, with his "Song of the Shirt."

In 1843, just two hundred years after Parliament's decree against Yule celebrations, Dickens con-

ceived his idea for the *Carol*. He was already a famous writer, with such works as *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Oliver Twist*, the favorites of thousands. When writing, Dickens really lived the lives of his characters. As he had just finished *Martin Chuzzlewit*, a study in greed and selfishness, he was depressed and needed a change of scene. Therefore, he gladly accepted an invitation to speak on the education of the poor, at the opening of the Athenaeum in Manchester.

While still in that city, the idea for a *Christmas Carol* came to him; and when he

returned to London, early in October, he threw his whole heart and soul into its creation. The "little Carol," so he declared, "seized him with strange mastery" during the month he worked on it.

As always, when in the creative mood, Dickens was enthusiastic about his brain child. At this time, he told friends he was completely carried away by his emotions, and he "excited himself in a most extraordinary manner." Alternately he laughed and wept over the *Carol* characters, as he roamed the dark streets of London. He often walked fifteen or twenty miles after "all the sober folk had gone to bed."

Near the end of November, 1843, when the work was completed, Dickens declared, "I broke out like a madman." The book was published by Chapman and Hall, under its full title: *A Christmas Carol in Prose, Being a Ghost Story of Christmas*. It was put on sale, December 19, at five shillings a copy. The first edition of the little book, just six by nine and

a half inches, had 162 pages. Its brownish-salmon colored cloth cover was stamped with a gilt holly wreath. Four of the eight illustrations were woodcuts, and the others were full-page etchings in color, all by a humorous artist named John Leech. The etchings pictured "Mr. Fezziwig's Ball," which was the frontispiece, "Marley's Ghost," "The Ghost of Christmas Present," and "The Ghost of Christmas to Come."

Perhaps no other book ever received a warmer welcome. It is no doubt Dickens' most frequently read work; and Tiny Tim's "God bless us every one" has become a well-known holiday wish. On the first day, the first issue of the first edition of 6,000 copies was sold. Soon 15,000 were disposed of. As Dickens had a large family and many expenses, he had hoped to receive at least a thousand pounds from the first edition. But his share was only about three-fourths of this sum, because of "a want of judgment in adjusting the expenses of publication with a more equitable regard to the selling price."

That Christmas, just six days after the *Carol* was put on sale, was a memorable one for Charles Dickens, who had never before experienced such a gay holiday season. He wrote: "Such dinings, such dancings, such conjurings, such blindman's buffings, such theatre goings, such kissings-out of old years and kissings-in of new ones, never took place in these parts before."

Immediately the author was deluged with letters about the *Carol*, from all over England and elsewhere, for the work had received instant recognition. The messages came not only from literary critics, but also from "simple, domestic people," who wrote to tell him of the pleasure and inspiration the *Carol* had been to them. Others spoke of reading it aloud to their families; some said they prized it so highly they kept it on its own private shelf.

Lord Jeffrey, editor of the famous *Edinburgh Review*, wrote the author: "You should be happy yourself, for you may be

sure you have done more good by this little publication, fostered more kindly feelings, and prompted more acts of beneficence than can be traced to all the pulpits and confessionals in Christendom since Christmas 1842."

Thackeray, Dickens' foremost literary rival, was in Switzerland when he received a copy of the *Carol*, with these words inscribed in it by the author: "W. M. Thackeray from Charles Dickens, whom he made very happy once, a long way from home." This is said to refer to verses by Thackeray that had deeply affected Dickens. Later, at a sale of Thackeray's effects, Queen Victoria purchased this copy, which is still a prized possession of the British royal family.

In his review, Thackeray paid the *Carol* a fine tribute; he spoke of it as the smallest of all the author's works, but the best. He said: "Who can listen to objections regarding such a book as this? It seems to me a national benefit, and to every man or woman who reads it a personal benefit." All agreed with Julia C. R. Door, who said in 1885: "No carol was ever sung that so stirred the heart of humanity. The world laughed and cried over it, and

Scrooge, and Scrooge's nephew, and old Fezziwig, and Bob Cratchit, and Tiny Tim, became household words in a million homes."

WHY DID THIS small volume touch so many hearts? Perhaps the reason was best expressed by the words of Robert Louis Stevenson who, after reading it, felt so good that he would do anything "or everything to make the world a little better." Since the *Carol* affected so many others the same way, it is not surprising that Alfred E. Newton has called it "the greatest little book in the world." It is important, not only because of its fine theme, but because its publication and that of other Dickens Christmas stories started the trend for annual holiday tales.

Dickens loved the spirit of Christmas. He not only believed in its religious aspects, but was heartily in favor of family gatherings and much merriment during the holidays. Even though often burdened by family and financial difficulties, he never let them interfere with his own home celebrations.

As one of the greatest humanitarians of his time, Dickens believed that better feelings should be established between all classes;



CHARLES DICKENS

1812-1870

Taught by a Baptist minister, and by reading good literature and the study of law on his own accord, Dickens was ambitious and industrious. At 31, when he wrote the "*Carol*," he had already produced "*Pickwick*," "*Oliver Twist*," "*Barnaby Rudge*," and "*The Old Curiosity Shop*." The "*Carol*" was the first of five Christmas books the author wrote in three years (1843-46).

and that Christmas could not be properly observed by the rich man unless he "had made his peace with the poor." The novelist emphasized this idea in his *Carol* and inspired many others with this same altruistic spirit.

On his famous tours through England, Scotland, Ireland, and the United States, when Dickens read from his works to thousands of delighted listeners, the selection most often asked for was *A Christmas Carol*. While on one reading tour, he wrote, "The work is hard, sometimes overpowering, but I am none the worse for it."

While in America, he read his *Carol* so often he said he knew it so well he couldn't remember it and occasionally he would "go dodging about in the wildest manner to pick up the lost pieces." During its reading, he played so strongly on the emotions of his audience that they both laughed and cried; at one town a young girl cried so hard she had to be taken from the room.

(Continued on page 39.)

This illustration is an excellent example of the robust life which John Leech could portray with great dexterity. And the page of the text (reduced in size) shows the author's vivid imagery, sketched in just the right words.

78

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"Come in!" exclaimed the Ghost. "Come in! and know me better, man!"

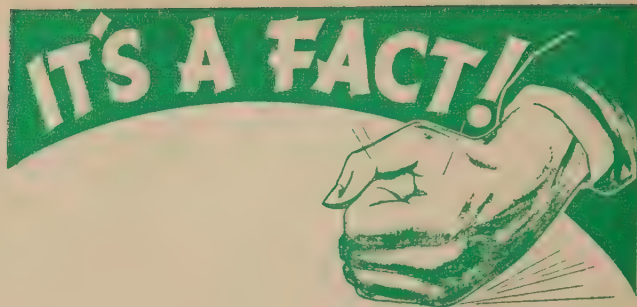
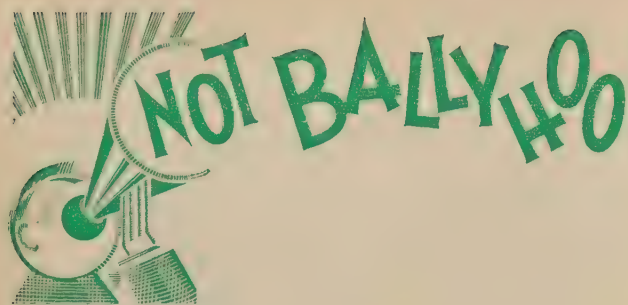
Scrooge entered timidly, and hung his head before this Spirit. He was not the dogged Scrooge he had been; and though its eyes were clear and kind, he did not like to meet them.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present," said the Spirit. "Look upon me!"

Scrooge reverently did so. It was clothed in one simple deep green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. This garment hung so loosely on the figure, that its capacious breast was bare, as if disdaining to be wardled or concealed by any artifice. Its feet, observable beneath the ample folds of the garment, were also bare; and on its head it wore no other covering than a holly wreath set here and there with shining icicles. Its dark brown curls were long and free: free as its genial face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its cheery voice, its unconstrained demeanour, and its joyful air. Girded round its middle was an antique scabbard; but no sword was in it, and the ancient sheath was eaten up with rust.



Scrooge then



TAKING THE GLITTER OFF ADVERTISING

By KENNETH L. HOLMES

*Minister, First Baptist Church
Moscow, Idaho*

A STRANGE thing has happened in our day. On the one hand there has been the development of the "scientific method." This says, "Never trust your judgment!" "Experiment!" "Get the facts!" Scientists follow a rigid discipline which eliminates bias and half truth. They will take no man's word for it. Along with this movement there have also grown modern methods of propaganda and advertising. These methods play upon the tendency people have to take things at their face value and the weakness they have for making snap judgments.

In a certain sense we have two selves within our personality, at least two. There is a Dr. Jekyll, and there is a Mr. Hyde. There is a self who responds to the noble and the inspiring. There is another self who responds to the base and the low. It is this lower self to whom the advertising appeal is often made. We are bombarded with advertisements by radio, television, billboards, posters, newspapers, and magazines. The constant emphasis is on the superficial rather than on the deeper motives and real values of life. Anxieties are capitalized upon. We have things, things, things, paraded before us, and there is that lower self within who says, "Ah, I want those things. That is the way to real happiness."

The sixteenth-century artist, Albrecht Durer, symbolizes our divided longings and loyalties. On one occasion he felt the deep sense of the sacredness of the spiritual and drew his famous picture of the worn hands of a friend in an attitude of prayer, "The Praying Hands." On another occasion, catching a glimpse of the enormous quantities of plunder—gold, silver, and precious stones—that came into Antwerp from newly discovered and plundered Peru, he cried out, "All my life I have never seen anything that so rejoiced my heart as did these things." That is the cry of modern man.

In the 1860's in Idaho there was a racket in bogus gold dust. A group of men had found a way to coat powdered lead with a tiny layer of gold. One of them would enter a hotel or rooming house and ask to leave his dust in the safe overnight. It was customary for the clerk to weigh the dust and dump it into a box with that belonging to other miners and place the box in the safe. In the morning when the visitors left, the same amount of dust would be weighed out by the clerk as was left by each on the previous evening. The racketeers took advantage of this procedure and traded bogus dust for the real thing until the hotels learned to test each sample with

acid before mixing it into the box. The acid test revealed the fake.

Is there an acid test with which to detect the fraud and exaggeration in advertising? How can we distinguish the insidiously bad from the residue of good in advertising? How can we see through shoddy and specious propaganda?

Here are a few of the types of propaganda that are used. If we know about them, it will help us to watch out for them.

1. The Glittering Generality—Whenever you see a phrase like, "More people do this," or "More men wear that," or "America's largest selling product of its kind," let it be a stop-look-listen to your mind. The author of this article studied a recent publication of a popular magazine and found a glittering generalization in every advertisement but one. In fact, it is difficult to write an advertisement without a broad statement that the advertised product is "the best," "the most popular," "the sturdiest" or something else in the superlative. If it is a car, it is the "newest"; if it is a whiskey, it is the "oldest."

2. The Half-Truth—The trouble with a half-truth is that it is half false. An advertisement asks us, for example, to invest in "peace of mind." This investment would be in a patent medicine, insurance,

or a gravestone. How meager is the "peace of mind" which comes from such an investment. Most half-truths are cunningly concealed. A number of years ago a great singer was pictured in a cigarette advertisement as saying, "I never smoke any other." Someone heard him say at a later time, "I never smoke," and reminded him of his statement in the advertisement. The singer laughed and remarked, "Oh, yes, that is true. I never smoke any other, but it is also true that I never smoke the brand I advertised either." His statement in the advertisement was a half-truth, and therefore made up of what Theodore Roosevelt called "weasel words."

3. Association with the Familiar

—One of the commonest propaganda tools is to associate a product with the familiar, the good, the homespun, or the noble. In effect, the advertisement says, "Just as a person is known by the company he keeps, so a product is known by the company it keeps." Grandma gets used in this way more than anyone else, so do great historical personages. The church comes in for its share of misuse.

The most blatant example of association was used at Christmas time a number of years ago. One of the largest manufacturers of whiskey used a lovely moonlight Christmas snow scene to advertise their product. And, believe it or not, across the sky was emblazoned the Christmas Message, "Peace on earth, good will to men." The sacred message of Christmas was used for unholy ends.

4. The Testimonial—In all phases of advertising this method is used. Radio and television find it indispensable. The cigarette manufacturers lean heavily upon it. There are two kinds of testimonials: that of a completely anonymous person, and that of a "name" personality.

The anonymous testimonial can be fabricated easily by an advertising man. The testifier does not have to be a real person. Who would ever know whether there is a real Mrs. Margaret Smith in Ottumwa, Iowa? There is nothing

difficult about concocting a fake testimonial.

As to the big name testimonial, just remember that the "big name" got paid probably in three or four figures for the privilege of the use of his name.

5. The Catchy Slogan—How often is this method used in all phases of advertising. The slogan is said or sung over and over again until it is drummed almost into a person's subconscious. Adolf Hitler was asked one day what were his rules of propaganda. He answered, "I have three: Make it simple. Repeat it over and over again. Make it burn." The first two of these are the rules of the slogan mongers. They take a brief, pithy, rhythmic word or group of words or letters, and they make a slogan of them. Then they drum it in, dinning it over radio and TV, and printing it in magazines and newspapers. It is whispered on the street corners and shouted on the mountain tops until it becomes part of the public consciousness. Is it true? That is another question. Hitler also said, "If you tell a lie often enough, pretty soon everyone will believe it."

6. The Keep-Up-with-the-Joneses Appeal—Here the advertiser plays upon our conceit and our covetousness. There are always men who want to be "gentlemen of distinction."

Look at that beautiful colored advertisement showing a family looking at their new car, all gleaming with chrome. The wife says something like this, "Oh, John, won't the neighbors admire our new 'Sleekline'?" This is a paraphrase of countless advertisements

that have been spread and broadcast to the American public. The insidious thought is always there, "Won't the Joneses be jealous of our new things?" The advertisements call us "discriminating persons," but the truth of the matter is that we are not discriminating enough, or we would not tolerate such appeals to covetousness.

There are other advertising tricks that we can watch out for. There is the "ONEROUS ONLY." When a car costs "only \$3400," the "only" has been inflated along with the cost. There is the **pseudo-scientific** approach. Most of the "well-known research organizations" are made up of the ingenious staffs of the advertising agencies.

Watch out for the **insinuating question**. Note how the *you* is constantly emphasized in both sound and print. It is not really the *you* they are interested in, but the "I" who is at the center of *you*. This is an ego-appeal. You are ego-centric. You will do anything to keep that "I" from feeling inferior.

What cleverly concealed tricks are used to appeal to the base desires and the selfishness of mankind. Cosmetics, cereals, eyeglasses, clothes are sold on a "get your man" or "win that girl" basis. The superficial is substituted for the real. One is almost led to believe that "beauty is only skin dope." Ah, but is it? We are seeing marriages cracking up all over our country because they have been built on a foundation which is not enough to stand the test of time.

The few examples given here will help, to a certain extent, to make us the "discriminating persons" the advertisements tell us we are, but the real answer lies in a vital, enriching Christian experience. How haunting are the Master's words, "Therefore do not be anxious saying, 'What shall we eat?' or 'What shall we drink' or 'What shall we wear?'" For the Gentiles seek all these things; and your heavenly Father knows that you need them all. But seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things shall be yours as well" (Matt. 6:31-33 RSV).



By FLORENCE M. SLY

Formerly secretary of the United Council of Church Women and program coordinator of Christian Women's Fellowship



SEND

Personal

CHRISTMAS CARDS

DEAR ESTHER:

Early last fall, when you asked me about Christmas cards, I said, "Send personal Christmas cards." I promised you then I'd write to you more fully some of my thinking on this matter. Now I realize with a thud that I have not yet done it, and Christmas is fast approaching.

Over a period of many years, our family has had a real thrill out of planning, preparing, and sending our family Christmas card. It has become one of our family traditions. We take pride in the fact that it is personal and distinctive of our own family and its experiences throughout the year. Each year our friends watch for it, wondering what it will be.

We do not always use the pictures of camels, stars or manger scenes characteristic of Christmas. We believe that because ours is definitely personal and related to the activities and development of the members of our family, it is Christian. Accordingly we often use pictures of our family. The birth of a baby many years ago made Christmas. The birth of any baby anywhere in the world brings a new life full of possibilities and potentialities to develop as did that babe in Bethlehem long ago. So Christmas is definitely related to the growth and development of Christian personality and of Christian families.

For this reason, we make no apology for giving a digest of the year's life work, achievements, and development of the members of our family in our annual Christmas greeting, whether it is a card, a simple folder, or a mimeographed letter. We try to make it concise and not too detailed, and we use a limited amount of humor to humanize and personalize it. Any Christmas card that is personal should show the development of Christian personality, aspirations of the members of the family, progress of each toward his or her purpose in life, and achievements during the year.

To us the practice of creating and sending our card is a source of great joy and pleasure. I know that to many people the sending of Christmas cards is just a headache—something that is a lot of work and expense—just an effort to keep up with, or ahead of, relatives and friends.

How I wish I could help families see how much more meaningful to

their friends is a Christmas message that is personal and original than one that appears on a commercial greeting card. Sometimes we have received as many as four or five cards exactly alike from widely separated places. We have appreciated the fact that the senders remembered us, but the cards we read and reread are those with the personal touch.

A FAMILY Christmas card should be attractive—not fancy, but neat. If it is in the form of a mimeographed letter it should carry some illustrations to enliven it. As greatly interested as many friends are in learning all about your family's activities, they will enjoy reading it more if it contains a few humorous expressions and a few illustrations.

Another distinctive feature of the personal Christmas card is its message. If it is written in your own words, with phrases characteristic of your way of expressing yourself, it cannot help but be

more meaningful to those who know you than the oftentimes trite message found on the stock commercial cards. The formulation of your own messages gives you a real opportunity to relate your greeting to the Christmas story and message.

FOR US IT IS FUN—a family project. We are all on the lookout for ideas all year, but in the fall, at a family council meeting, we remind ourselves it is time to stir the “gray matter” into action for some ideas for our annual Christmas “effort.” Any one of us may come forth with an idea, but until it is one in which most of us see possibilities, it is discarded. I don’t mean to give you the idea that it has to be something complicated. In fact, the simpler the better, but we like to have an idea to build on.

For example, a number of years ago, when President Roosevelt was serving his twelfth year as President, we awoke to the fact that it had been twelve years that we had been sending personal greetings. Accordingly, we hunted up a picture of the children taken twelve years earlier, took a snapshot of our family at that time, worked up

a little statement of the development of the family during the twelve years, and ended it with a Christmas wish to our friends. That year we used a Madonna picture on the front of the folder which was an $8\frac{1}{2} \times 11$ -inch page folded twice. (The cover is shown at the top left, page 22; the center page spread, on page 23.)

The first year Betty was in college and the other two children were still in high school, our Christmas greeting was in keeping with our situation. We were having “tough sledding” financially and we made plans for a very inexpensive Christmas greeting. It was mimeographed on two sheets of $8\frac{1}{2} \times 11$ yellow paper. The first page carried a greeting and message. On the second page were line drawings of each member of the family and brief “vital statistics” on each with some humor as to age, weight, latest achievement. It was the day of the “new look.” The girls had “the new look” in their dresses, but mother’s drawing showed her making a speech and wearing a rather short unstylish skirt. An arrow pointed to the skirt, which was labeled, “Not the new look.” We folded these and mailed them in unsealed

envelopes for $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents each (it was before the increase in postal rates).

Sometimes we have written a letter—either a family letter by one member telling the whole family story or a series of short letters, each member recounting his own experiences of the year. Again, we have outlined the events in our family by months through the year. There are many, many possibilities.

As I said, the cards need not be expensive but they definitely should be a family project. The time we had the simple mimeographed pages, one person drew the line drawings of each of us, another traced them on a stencil, one wrote the information on each of us, another cut the stencil. Thus, each made his contribution. It cost very little in actual cash except the cost of the paper and the stamps. We had a grand time. We usually make it a happy evening when we address the envelopes, stuff, and stamp them.

Sometimes we prepared pictures, wrote the copy and had the cards printed. Again, we have sent mimeographed letters with a few stenciled illustrations, or we played
(Continued on page 45.)



TWELVE CHRISTMASSES MAKE A DIFFERENCE!

Beginning in 1932 the Sly Five began to send personal Season's Greetings each Christmas. We thought this year you might wish to see us as we were and as we are now.

Reading from left to right

1932
 PATTY — at an hated, storm and scotch.
 MORGAN — bald headed, fat and determined.
 BETTY — quicksilver, musical and in no great.

1944
 DAD — not nearly as poor as he looks.
 BETTY — a high school and quite grown up.
 MORGAN — not as poor, his clothes and even himself.
 MOTHER — not mother, but's all.
 PATTY — the same as Dad.

Much has happened during these twelve years—much tragedy—much heartache—and much happiness, but the SLYS still say—
 A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL

On Christmas Morn

The Christ was born,
On Christmas morn,
That day so long ago.

The shepherds came,
From far away,
That day so long ago.

They brought young lambs
To keep Him warm,
That day so long ago.

Soon Wise Men came,
They saw the star,
That day so long ago.

—DANIEL C. TUTTLE, JR.

When Jesus Was a Little Boy

Jesus grew and grew and grew,
Just as all the children do,
He's the friend that children know,
And like him they want to grow.

—ORPHA McCALLUM

Jesus Grew

When Jesus was a little boy
He did the things I do—
He climbed the hill to gather flowers,
And went exploring, too.

He had his friends who went with him,
Or played games in the sun.
It brings him close to know he played
Like me and had some fun.¹

—HELEN HOWLAND PROMMEL

¹From *Story World*. Copyright, Judson Press. Used by permission.



RESOURCE

in

with You

THANK YOU

At Christmas time especially, we remember Jesus. We think, read, and sing about his birth. So much emphasis is placed upon the birth of Jesus that of young children fail to realize that the Jesus whose birthday we celebrate is the man Jesus about whom they learn in church school. This month, as we share together with our children and as we plan together for the celebration of Christmas, let us think of Jesus when he was a boy and man, as well as when he was a baby.

One of the first stories that becomes a favorite of young children is the story of Jesus and his loving children. Jesus was a friend to children as well as to adults. This fact is a source of pleasure and satisfaction to children today.

First Week—THE GOOD FRIEND

Bible Verses to Use

"Let us love one another."—1 John 4:7. (K)

"He loved us and sent his Son."—1 John 4:10. (P-J)

Poems and Songs to Use

"Jesus Grew." (N)

"When Jesus Was a Little Boy." (K-P)

Bible Story to Use

"Jesus, the Loving Friend"—PPB, 3rd Yr., Fall Qr., p. 42. (P)

Prayer

Prayer—PPB, 3rd Yr., Fall Qr., p. 45. (P)

Second Week—JESUS WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD

Bible Verses to Use

"Jesus . . . went about doing good."—Acts 10:38.

Repeat the Bible verses used in the First Week.

Poems and Songs to Use

"Jesus." (P-J)

Repeat some of the poems used in the First Week.

Prayer

Thank you, God, for Jesus, who went about doing good. Help us to grow more like him as we do good to others. Amen.

Third Week—JESUS WENT TO CHURCH

Bible Verses to Use

"He went to the synagogue, as his custom was, on the Sabbath day."—Luke 4:16. (P-J)

"Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and man."—Luke 2:52. (P-J)

HEARTHSTONE



FOR JESUS

We are glad that Jesus went about doing good. In his example, we know the things God would have us do. We show our love to God and man as we do kind and thoughtful deeds for others.

Jesus went to the synagogue to learn of God. We get the help of the church to learn of God, also.

We are thankful for Jesus. Every day is a day showing our feeling of gratitude, but Christmas is a special time to express our thanks.

A few suggestions for worship are given on these pages. Some of the material suggested is found in the graded lesson materials being used in many church schools. Materials from other sources are also included. If no source is indicated, then the material may be found on these pages. Abbreviations are explained at the bottom of the page.²

Hymns and Songs to Use

"Jesus, Our Teacher and Master." (J)

er

And, our Father, we thank you for Jesus. We are glad we can go to churches where we can go and learn about Jesus and thank you. Help us to be good learners. Amen.

Birth Week—WE CELEBRATE JESUS' BIRTHDAY

Verses to Use

"Behold, I bring you good news . . . for to you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord." —Luke 2:11. (J)

"Glory to God in the highest,
and on earth peace among men with whom he is pleased!" —Luke 2:14. (J)

Hymns and Songs to Use

"On Christmas Day." (N)

"On Christmas Morn." (P-J)

"The King's Birthday"—JBP, 1st Yr., Fall Qr., p. 42. (J)

"Jesus' Birthday"—MBL, No. 65. (K)

Stories to Use

"Gifts for Jesus"—HGL, No. 12. (N)

"A Story of Jesus' Birthday"—MBL, No. 62. (K)

er

Thank you, God, for Christmas. Help us to remember Jesus on his birthday. Help us to make others happy on his day.

1.

Abbreviations used:

Nursery (3-year-olds) P—Primary (6-8) K—Kindergarten (4-5 years) J—Junior (9-11) HGL—Home Guidance Leaflet MBL—My Bible Leaflet PPB—Primary Pupil's Book Junior Pupil's Book

On Christmas Day

Here's a good thing to do

On this Christmas Day—

Let's sing thank you to God

For Jesus' birthday.

—JUANITA PURVIS

Jesus, Our Teacher and Master

Jesus, our Teacher and Master,
Went to the synagogue school,
Learned all the lessons there set Him,
Followed exactly each rule.

Jesus, our Teacher and Master,
Sat at the stern Rabbi's feet,
Hearing him read from the Scriptures,
Learning the words to repeat.

And though our tasks may be different,
We can be like Him today,
Listening and learning our lessons,
Trying our rules to obey.

So we shall grow to be like Him
Treading the path that He trod,
Growing in wisdom and stature,
In favor with men and with God.³

—ETHEL W. TROUT

Jesus

Long ago
The master teacher
Traveled in old Palestine,
Healing people who were crippled,
Helping others who were blind;
Cheering all the lonely hearted,
With his humor, glad and free;
Smiling at the little children
As they climbed upon his knee;
Giving of his life in service
To everyone who came;
Living thus a life of goodness,
Not for greatness nor for fame.

—OLAF HANSON

³From *Junior Hymns and Songs*, p. 61. Presbyterian Committee of Publication. Used by permission of the John Knox Press.

Cuddle Bear and Cinnamon Bear

Get Together



ILLUSTRATION BY CARMON V. LIVSEY

*Scitter, scatter, splash, into the river
went a rattly brown waterfall. Yes,
Cuddle Bear had an accident—a good one.*

By Anne M. Halladay

OH, LOOK, I found the biggest one!" Cuddle Bear's voice went up into a squeal as he held out a large brown pine cone for Cinnamon Bear to see.

The two little bears had climbed up the steep side of Stony Hill. There the late frosts had brought the cones down to make a brown circle under the pine trees.

Already the willow-stem baskets that Cuddle Bear and Cinnamon had brought with them were half full. They had been planning together to make a play forest with them down in the home clearing, in front of the old mine where Cuddle Bear lived.

They had been planning together for several days, but this morning they were not working together. This morning, even though they did not know it, perhaps, their whinings and cross words to each other showed that really they were quarreling together.

"Oh, I want that one! I saw it first!"

"This is my place! You find one for yourself."

And now Cuddle Bear's: "I found the biggest one!"

It was a big cone—shiny and brown, and fully opened to let the winged seeds fly out. And Cuddle Bear was not going to let Cinnamon Bear forget about that for one minute.

All during the time that they were dropping cones into their willow-stem baskets, Cuddle Bear kept saying, "I'll put my big cone here." Or "I'm glad I found such a big cone."

When at last their baskets were piled high, each with a tiny pine cone mound atop, Cuddle Bear waited until he was sure that Cinnamon Bear was watching.

"I'll put this on top. There!" A naughty, very smarty-bear feeling crept up inside him as he made a peak with the big cone above the mound on his basket.

But smarty-bear or no smarty-bear, there was not a very happy feeling between them as he and Cinnamon started down the mountain slope. It was hard work, too, walking on the uneven rocks and trying not to spill their pine cones. Time after time, Cuddle Bear had to stop and put the big cone back into its place. They were glad to come to the level ground along the river bank.

"I am going to sit down and rest a minute," Cinnamon Bear said. "Here is a good place."

But this was not Cuddle Bear's morning to agree. "No, here is a better, one. Here we can see the river." He stepped ahead and plumped his basket down on the grass.

Cinnamon Bear was too tired to fuss about it. He walked over and sat down beside Cuddle Bear. They were on a steep bank now that dipped straight down into the river.

For a moment they just rested and watched the sun dazzle on the water below. Then Cinnamon Bear began to settle some of the cones that had jiggled toward the edge, back into the basket. He held up a large one for Cuddle Bear to see.

"This one is a big cone, too," he said.

"Not as big as mine. Hold it over here and see."

As Cinnamon Bear reached over to stand his cone beside Cuddle Bear's, Cuddle Bear leaned forward to snatch his cone from the top of his basket.

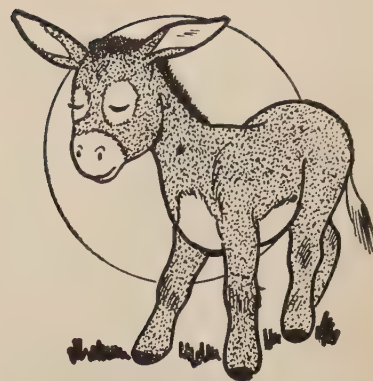
Then something happened.

Either Cuddle Bear's basket was sitting on a loose

(Continued on page 47.)

The little brown donkey's story

Wouldn't you like to pat this little donkey's floppy ears? You'll love him more when you know what he did



By Elizabeth Plumb Witheridge

ONCE UPON A TIME, long, long ago, there lived a little brown donkey in a stable in the Holy Land. With him there lived some woolly white sheep and a pair of oxen and a few plump white doves. It was midnight on Christmas Eve, and all the animals in the stable were talking together. The little brown donkey got up from the pile of warm straw where he had been lying and shook himself. He twitched his long shaggy ears and coughed.

"Friends of the stable," he said, "I am going to tell you a story tonight. You must listen well, because in a little while our time for talking will be over until next Christmas Eve. Please settle yourselves comfortably before I begin."

The oxen moved a little in the straw. The sheep snuggled closer together, and the plump white doves shook their feathers.

"Now," began the little brown donkey, "I must tell you that I have never discussed this matter with anyone before, but I feel that the time has come to tell the story of the wonderful thing that happened to me when I was a very young donkey." He switched his tail and began his story:

"As you know, I have always lived here in Nazareth with Joseph and Mary, but my story begins far back in the days before they had any children. Then Joseph worked all alone in the carpenter shop and didn't have the boy Jesus to help him. I used to carry things

he needed in his trade on my back, poking around the streets of Nazareth, day in and day out, and it was very dull and tiresome, I must say. I used to dream, as I went trotting around the village, of how much fun it would be to go on a long journey and see new places and new people.

"Well, one day I was eating my noon lunch when I heard Mary and Joseph talking. They spoke of a place called Bethlehem, and Mary said, 'Oh, Joseph, do we have to go?'

"I was excited just to hear them talking about the strange new place with the lovely name, so I pricked up my ears and listened carefully. Joseph looked worried and anxious.

"'Yes, Mary,' he said, 'I'm afraid we do have to go, and we will have to take the little brown donkey for you to ride on.'

"Imagine my excitement! I forgot all about eating my lunch. I stopped with a wisp of grass sticking out of my mouth and stared at Mary and Joseph. And then Mary said something that hurt me dreadfully.

"'Why, Joseph!' she cried, 'That poor little thing could never carry me all the way to Bethlehem.'

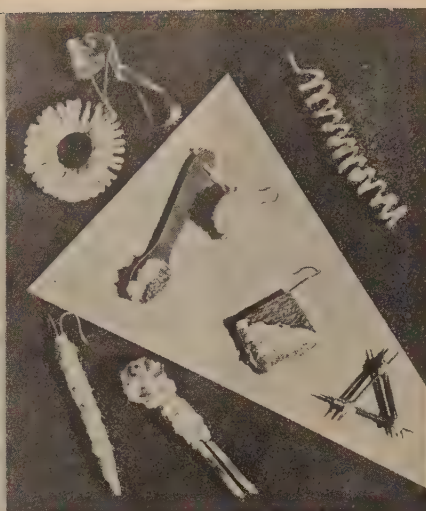
"Those were the days when Mary and Joseph didn't have much; and then, too, there was the new baby coming. They talked some more about the trip. Finally it was decided that I should carry

Mary to Bethlehem on my back. I can still remember how happy I was, and how I could hardly wait until the morning came for us to go.

"I never did know just why they had to go to Bethlehem at that particular time, but I heard Joseph say something about paying his taxes while he was talking to the neighbors one day. The neighbors were going, too. Many people in Nazareth were going, so when we set out one morning before day-break, there was quite a procession. Mary rode on my back and carried a lunch of bread and cheese and dates. Joseph walked beside us and made me go slowly. I didn't want to go slowly. I wanted to trot and run and gallop and get to Bethlehem just as fast as I could. Joseph patted my ears and said, 'Go slowly, little brown donkey. It is a long way to Bethlehem.'

"And it was a long way, a very long way. I don't know how long it took us to get there, but I do remember that all the others from Nazareth went on ahead, and we soon lost sight of them because we had to go so very slowly. Every little while we stopped so that Mary and I could rest. Joseph and Mary would eat a little of their lunch, and I would wander off to find some pasture for myself. At night we would stop at somebody's house to rest. Joseph promised that when we came to Bethlehem we would stay at the inn, and that there would be a stable for me. Mary and I were growing very, very tired, and sometimes it seemed

(Continued on page 36.)



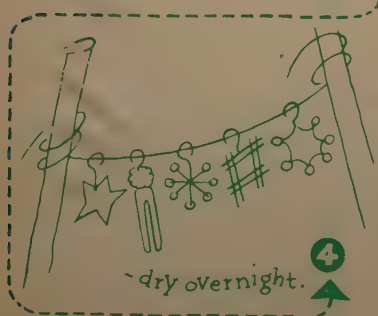
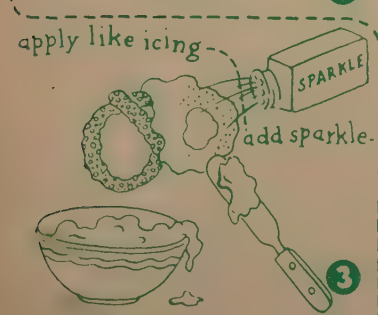
HOW

TO

MAKE

Christmas Tree Ornaments

HOW TO MAKE



HERE'S A real Christmas adventure for you and your whole family, or for your church or welfare group and Girl Scout troop. And the result? A Christmas tree that is a conversation piece—one with trimmings fashioned from odds and ends, magically disguised with a mixture made from plastic starch and a granular detergent, and sparkled with sequins, silver or gold dust or sparkle, beads, pearls, or artificial snow.

But to get down to recipes—or the magic formula. . . . The Cinderella mixture is called "Yule-Tide Trim," and it is made with four tablespoonfuls of plastic starch and one cup of soap powder. Follow the method shown in the adjoining column and you'll end up with a solution which has the consistency of a thick marshmallow sauce. In this form it is easily spread with a knife, spatula or pastry tube. If you want it to be a little thicker, let it stand for half an hour. If you plan to dip some of the articles into the mixture, then double the quantity of starch used, to get a thinner solution.

Before you begin to make the magic mix, assemble your basic props—odds and ends from your kitchen and other parts of the house. Here are some suggestions: clothespins, pipe cleaners, drinking straws, toothpicks, curtain

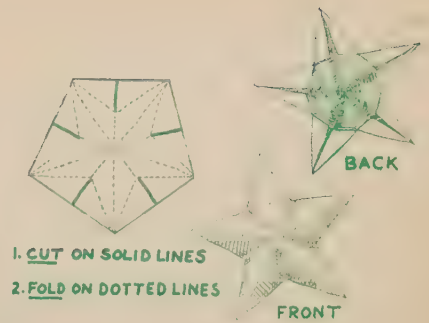
rings, cardboard cut-outs, mason jar discs, pretzels, spools and nuts. You'll also need hooks for hanging, either the regular ornament hooks or invisible hairpins, and sparkle to sprinkle over the coated props. This may be obtained at art stores or ten-cent stores.

New versions of the stars and snowflakes that are traditional trimmings for a tree are easy to make (see picture above, at left). Drinking straws are sewed or tied to resemble geometric star shapes, and then either dipped or iced with the solution of starch and soap. If the straws are made of cellophane, only the tips are iced and sparkled. Toothpicks are dipped in a thin solution before piling them log-cabin fashion in Christmas motifs. Cardboard cut-outs in star shapes are iced with the mixture and studded with pearls, silver candies or sequins.

Other gay and perky ornaments (pictured above, at right) are made from pipe cleaners, twisted into bowknots and dipped and sparkled. Picture wire is wrapped around the handle of a wooden mixing spoon to produce the coil effect; then dipped. Little sticks or stubs of pencils may be fashioned into icicles. And clothespins, dyed or barberpole-striped with colored tape, make odd ornaments to perch upon the branches of the tree.

How to make . . .

Christmas Stars



A sheet of metal paper will furnish several dozen of these lovely shining stars. They make glittering tree decorations and ornaments for gift packages.

Metal paper in a variety of colors and in different weights is to be found in almost any stationery or department store around the holidays. Many ten-cent stores sell rolls of it. Smooth metal paper, with no design upon it, makes the most effective stars, for it will shine the most brightly.

First, make a cardboard pattern with five equal sides. This is not so easy to work out by geometry—but quite easy to make with five kitchen matches. Lay out the five matches in the form of a pentagon, shoving them around until the angles look even. Then put a dot with a pencil at each of the five corners. Remove the matches and draw the sides of the pentagon with a ruler. If you work carefully this will furnish a sufficiently accurate pattern for star making. You can, of course, make stars of any size you like by using five longer or shorter sticks for making your pentagon. Matchsticks will give you a star of a good size for tree decoration.

Next mark the middle point of each side of the pentagon. These are the points at which you will make straight cuts with your scissors on the metal paper for folding back and producing the star points. Notch the pattern accurately at these middle points so that later you can mark the places on your metal paper.

Now draw lines with the ruler from each notch to the opposite point. These five lines will cross each other in the exact middle of the pattern. Make a small hole there with the scissor point or an ice pick. Through this hole you

will be able to mark the middle of the metal stars as a guide for folding them.

Lay the completed pattern on the metal paper, cut out the pentagon, and slit the middle of each edge half way to the center mark. To fold the star, first make a crease, metal side out on the paper, from each point to the center mark. Then fold back the ten small flaps

as shown in the drawing of the back of the star. Metal paper is stiff enough to hold the creases well. You now have the star, with a raised center and rays tapering from the middle to the points. Insert an ornament hook or run a black thread through one corner with a needle for a loop by which to hang the star on the tree.

PRAYER OF A HOMEMAKER

Decorating for Christmas

Dear Heavenly Father,



For the celebration of the most beloved birthday of the year, we now make preparation in our homes. Accept our thanks for the happy memories of other years even though some of them come back to us through our tears. Help us, regardless of our years, to keep alive the eager spirit of little children as we turn to the keeping of Christmas. Bless all our friends as we place the holly wreath with the red bow on the front door as a gesture of holiday welcome. Let the warmth of thy companionship be felt as the visitor stands before the manger scene on our fireplace mantel. When the stockings are hung, may there be room for a guarding wrapping of love as the best gift of all, protecting the trinkets by which we try to express what is deep in our hearts. And as we light the colored bulbs on the green branches of our tree, may we all look up and remember the Star in whose radiant light we are privileged to walk, even unto today.

Amen.

RUTH C. IKERMAN

A STORY BY
DOROTHY LOGAN

"Do you mean—" Dinny started with a gasp. Of course, that was just what she meant!



ILLUSTRATION BY HARLEY STIVERS

In so complex a subject as human relations, expert knowledge is hard to obtain. Here, a young mother learned by experience that to expect perfection was

Bad Neighbor Policy

DINNY WALTERS turned away from the telephone, her face whitening.

From the floor, amid his pile of toys, little Tommy looked up with bewildered baby eyes. "Mommy?" he quavered.

"What were they talkin' about, Mom?" six-year-old Joey demanded. "Who was that? Sa-ay! Are you goin' to cry?"

"Of course not." Dinny shook her head, making her short dark curls swirl in denial. She blinked her lashes fast so her eyes were clear gray for Joey's searching gaze.

"It was just someone to talk to me. Maybe I'll tell you about it later."

"But I wanta know now."

"I said later, Butch. Outside

with you now. And stay in our yard."

Joey had learned not to argue with that tone. He turned away, kicking at, but not touching, an upholstered chair leg. "Aw, heck," he grumbled. "Nobody ever tells me stuff round here. You'd think I wasn't even in the fambly."

Dinny repressed an impulse to say *You'll hear soon enough!* In-

stead she repeated, "Outside."

She watched him take his injured feelings outdoors. *Poor little fellow*, she thought. He knew something was wrong and it hurt him to be excluded. But she wanted a chance to sort out her own hurt and calm it down.

A sound from Tommy drew her attention to him. His eyes were large, for he sensed that all was not as usual with his mother. His underlip quivered and stuck out.

"Oh, *baby*—" Dinny caught him up and blinked laughingly at the foolish tears that had started again. She held him reassuringly close as she went to the kitchen. There just *wasn't* a proper time for the mother of two small boys to cry!

She put Tommy in his high chair and took carrots from the refrigerator. She peeled them with a slicer that made the skins come off in tissue-thin curls, remembering to turn at the sink so Tommy could laugh at the long, dangling curls.

As she worked her hurt began to change to indignation.

She simply wouldn't *be* hurt about this! Neighbors ought to be *neighbors*, and if Elise Martin had suddenly turned into a stinker, she'd be downright silly to let her feelings get hurt about it.

When Joe and she had moved to this place from their city apartment, she had rejoiced extravagantly. Now they could be neighbors to somebody! And Joey and Tommy would grow up in an environment that would make good citizens of them.

Actually, the Martins were their only real neighbors, for Hillview was one of those suburbs that can have a block with two modest houses like the Martins' and Walters' on one side of the street, and on the other only one enormous place, set far back from the street and having no visible occupants.

THE WALTERSES had lived next door to Elise and Bim Martin for one month. They hadn't exchanged social visits ("We're going to call on you just as soon as you're settled," Elise had said), but Dinny had enjoyed many pleasant chats with Elise over the

hedge that separated their back yards. Elise was a tall, attractive girl with a page-boy bob of platinum hair. Everything about her was in as perfect order as that shining bob, *from* her well-tended yard to her clean, pretty five-year-old daughter, Betty. Dinny had found that Elise had a quick, natural friendliness, a sense of humor, and that she was interested in the same things Dinny herself was: the care and feeding of husbands, children, and flowers, and exactly one million other things.

No wonder she'd been shocked and hurt at Elise's telephone call!

"I called to tell you that Joey came over to our house today."

"To tell me what?" Dinny asked, blankly.

"Joey came over *here* today. This is the second time. He came over one day last week, too."

Oh, my, Dinny thought, *he's probably smashed something to bits!* "What did he tear up?" she asked apprehensively.

"He didn't tear up anything." Elise was silent for a moment. "I felt that you'd want to know," she said. "I know I'd appreciate your letting me know if Betty disturbed you."

"But what did he *do*?" Dinny asked. "Don't spare me! Let me know the worst."

"I tell you he didn't do anything." Elise was silent again. When she did speak her words were carefully spaced. "I keep Betty at home," she said significantly, "unless people invite her. I know they don't care for constant running in and out."

"*Do you mean—*" Dinny started with a gasp, but then she stopped. Of course, that was what Elise meant! "I'll see that you aren't

bothered again," she said quietly.

Elise thanked her and hung up.

Neighbors, Dinny fumed, cutting carrots into the stew. They might as well be back in their city apartment! She'd certainly misjudged Elise Martin. Sense of humor, indeed! Natural friendliness, her foot!

She wanted to be altogether indignant, but she couldn't help being hurt, too. It was such a disappointment.

SHE TOLD JOE about it over the steaming abundance of their stew at dinner. She told it in rapid pig Latin because Joey had developed a sixth sense where spelling was concerned.

"Now, isn't that the *ickens-day*?" she finished swiftly.

Joe shrugged his shoulders. "What's the matter with the dame? We never had invitations back and forth to play with the neighbors' kids when I was a kid."

"Of course not!" Dinny said.

"What dame?" Joey asked. "What are you two talkin' 'bout?"

"Eat your dinner," Joe said to him.

"I wish you wouldn't talk that funny, fast way," Joey mourned.

"We won't for a while now," Dinny assured him. "Guess what we've got for dessert?"

"What?" Joey and his father asked at once.

They all laughed, and Dinny said, "Apple dumplings!" triumphantly.

"With a *dob* of whipped cream?" Joey asked.

"With a 'dob' of whipped cream!" Dinny nodded.

After the children were in bed she returned to the subject of Elise.

"And I *liked* her," she said sadly.

Joe rumbled her curls. "It's too bad. She isn't human, I guess. Good thing you found out before you got in too deep with her. Better just forget it."

That was easy for him to say. "I can't forget it! I wanted a neighbor!" she cried.



Confession at Christmas

We pray, who know the bitter cost of war
In whose stern name we do what we abhor,
Who hate and wound and kill when we should bless—
God, grant thy pardon for our lovelessness!
Time after time, thy favored children go
In pride of power, to subjugate a foe,
But always an unvanquished enemy
Defies the haunting dream of victory.
Our armaments can never hope to win
The final battle we must wage within.
Our words but not our wills have prayed for peace;
While greed and vengefulness and strife increase,
Thy Father heart is mocked, and brotherhood
Is but an echo faintly understood.
God, conquer us by love's forgotten law;
We knew it once, but flouted truth we saw.
Now, with the Christmas spell on us again,
We would learn peace through Christ, thy Son. Amen.

ELINOR LENNEN

For the next few days she had to watch Joey closely for fear he'd try to slip away to Betty's. But he was a good little tyke, Dinny thought, seeing him standing one day at the hedge, looking wistfully across to where Betty played busily with some dolls and their clothes. Betty stopped playing after a while and gazed back forlornly at Joey.

Poor Joey, Dinny thought—and poor little Betty, too.

She had explained carefully to Joey that some ladies liked to keep things running on schedule, and he mustn't go to anyone's house unless he was invited.

"You mean Betty's mommy's house?" he asked cannily.

"I mean anyone's house," she said firmly.

She took time each afternoon to walk to a public playground a few blocks away so Joey could play with other children and Tommy could watch.

On the fifth day Elise called and

asked if Joey could come to play that afternoon.

Dinny had to check an impulse to refuse flatly. *It looks as if we were ready to peck at any crumbs she throws out*, she thought; then she told herself not to be ridiculous, and accepted.

"Did you have fun?" she asked casually when he returned.

"Yeah. Lotsa fun. Betty's mommy gave us milk and graham crackers, an' she taught us games."

Planned play, Dinny thought. But where was the easy comradeship of neighborhood children? Oh, well—Joey would start to school in the fall, and he'd make friends there.

She waited the five days and asked Betty over. Betty was an extremely pretty little girl, sweet and amenable. She lost some of her quietness as the afternoon went on, and whooped around the house with Joey in exuberant, unplanned play.

The times Dinny saw Elise in

the yard they greeted each other as if they were pleased to have the chance encounters and gabbed as interestedly as ever.

THEN OUT of a clear sky Elise called to say that Dinny would have to talk to Joey again. No, he hadn't been over, she said, but through a window she'd seen him holding a rock, and if she hadn't come out just then, he'd have thrown it at Betty, who was playing in her own yard.

Dinny was shocked. "Was Joey aiming it at Betty?"

No, he wasn't aiming it, but he *had* it, and Elise knew he'd have thrown it if she hadn't come out when she did.

No use trying so hard to be neighborly, Dinny thought. "I don't see that that follows," she said coldly. "Little boys often hold rocks. They play with them."

"I *know* he would have thrown it," Elise insisted.

"And I think you're imagining things," Dinny retored.

Elise ignored that. "I can't have Betty molested when she's playing quietly in our own yard."

Dinny was suddenly very angry. "Do you mean you consider yourself molested by something you only thought Joey might be going to do?"

She was startled to hear the receiver bang down.

A little later Joey wandered in. "I wish I coulda played with Betty today," he said sadly. "I had the purtiest rock to show her."

"Did you?" Dinny said, and hugged him. He *hadn't* wanted to throw it!

Telling Joe about it that night, she ended, "Naturally, I wouldn't stand for Joey's throwing rocks at *anyone*, but how can I be on the lookout for whatever she might *imagine* he's going to do that's bad? It's too silly."

"That's right," Joe agreed. "Oh, well, you'll just have to keep a close watch on him. Why don't

(Continued on page 45.)

WHAT THE CHURCHES ARE DOING IN

family life



By J. D. MONTGOMERY

December is an especially appropriate time for the church to place an emphasis on family life. Some churches designate December as Christian Home Month and prepare suitable program emphasis to give it meaning. This may be done in a number of ways, but at the core should run the thought that Christmas is a Christian festival. The following suggestions are made as things a church could do: (1) Designate December 10 as "Church Family Night," and invite all the families of the church to the observance. (2) Plan an informal program with hymns, carols, a suitable Christmas story or playlet. (3) Make concrete suggestions for observing Christmas in the home. (4) Outline some of the elements in present society which tend to commercialize Christmas. (5) Suggest that families take a little time before the customary rush of the season to ask themselves what they want Christmas to mean in their home. As a part of the evening festivities, the children might decorate a Christmas tree. When they have finished, the children and their parents should dedicate it with proper ceremony. Suggestions could also be made as to suitable literature to help families observe Christmas in a Christian manner.

Role Playing to Portray Family Life

The First Christian Church, Kearney, Nebraska, at one of the Sunday evening services last March, presented as their program a courtroom scene entitled "Parents on Trial," emphasizing some of the basic principles in Christian family living. The court tried Mr. and Mrs. John Everyman for parental negligence which had resulted in their son's delinquency. A couple of the church played the part of Mr. and Mrs. Everyman. Two local attorneys, one a member of the Presbyterian church and the other of the Episcopal church, were the prosecuting attorney and the attorney for the defendants. The congregation served as the jury and was much interested in the appeals of the two attorneys.

Besides Mr. and Mrs. Everyman and the lawyers, the characters included the witnesses for the prosecution: a policeman, the high school principal, a church school teacher, the adult department superintendent, and the Boy Scout master. The witnesses for the defense were the financial secretary of the church, the church clerk, the maid in the Everyman home,

the president of the Community Chest, the president of the Women's Club, and an insurance agent.

The minister of the church served as the judge and gave a brief message as a summary after the attorneys had made their appeals. The result of the whole presentation was a very effective program. When it was suggested, some were skeptical as to its outcome, fearing that it would be merely a stunt, something spectacular, with no particular religious value. They afterward declared that it was splendidly presented and that it had a constructive message and was definitely religious.

But the program was only one of the attractions at the church that evening. Before it began, there was Open House for thirty minutes in all of the departments of the church school. Parents were encouraged to go with their children and young people to visit with the teachers and to see the materials which are being used in the Christian education of their children. And when the mock trial ended, the congregation was invited to the Fellowship Hall of the church for an informal get-acquainted period. There the Christian Women's Fellowship served refreshments.

National Conference on Young Adult Work

At Conference Point Camp, Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, during the week of July 20-26, 1952, the hundred and six delegates assembled for the National Conference on Young Adult Work concluded that the greatest advance in Protestant Christian education during the past decade has been in the field of young adult work. In recognizing the rise of thousands of new young adult groups in the churches, these delegates sought to formulate new goals and policies for local church groups; to make available the tested experience which has brought new vitality to adult groups in the Protestant churches; to deepen the spiritual life of their members; and to enrich and strengthen the fellowship among the members of these groups as they carry on their work in the respective churches of which they are a part.

These delegates studied the needs and interests of young adults who are establishing their homes, as well as of single young adults, recognizing that all have a vital role to play in making Protestant churches effective in the twentieth century.

During the week there were periods daily for study and worship, as well as for fun and recreation. But the most creative phases of the conference during the week were those periods of the day when the delegates were together in workshops studying the various elements of young adult work and seeking ways to build an effective program for these groups in our churches.

The conference was interdenominational, sponsored by the Division of Christian Education of the National Council of Churches, with delegates representing eleven different communions. The delegates, through their workshops and study groups, urged that the young adult program should have as its aim the inclusion of all young adults whether or not they are affiliated with a particular denominational group. They expressed their loyalty to the beliefs of the Christian faith and renewed their commitment to the cause of Christ.



Merry Christmas



NO SEASON is so conducive to party-giving as is Christmas. Homes look their gayest—wreaths on the front door and at the windows, a Christmas tree glowing with lights, bowls of holly and evergreen about the living room, and on the mantelpiece perhaps a miniature scene of the Nativity, with candles and more evergreen. Festive is the setting; so, festive should be the end of that most wonderful of days. You observed the real significance of Christmas at beautiful church services in the morning; then, with family and friends, you enjoyed the delicious dinner, some of which you began to prepare weeks ahead—that rich fruitcake, and those dainty and tasty cookies, even the cranberry sauce, perhaps. And now, in a relaxed mood, you are ready for play.

Tallies.—When you got out those Christmas tree ornaments just a few days before, did you find a pack of last year's Christmas cards, those lovely ones you couldn't bear to discard? If so, use them to make a set of tallies by cutting out some of the pictures and mounting them on green or red paper. Use your pinking shears to cut the edges of the colored paper and see how that adds to their appearance. Of course, you may buy tallies, but anyone can do that, and an original creation adds to the interest of the party.

Christmas Stockings.—Supply the players with pencils and paper stockings cut from typewriter-size paper. Down the left-hand side of the stocking you will have written or typed a list of scrambled words pertaining to the Christmas season. Have the players unscramble

By IRENE DACUS

them. Do not have all the food words or all the religious words together—that would make it too easy. You might use such a list as the following: Christmas, cranberries, Bethlehem, turkey, Silent Night, toys, Joseph, nuts, carols, mistletoe, plum pudding, three Wise Men, candies, manger, dressing, stable, mincemeat, presents, holly, Christmas tree. Scramble these as intricately as you can, and you will have fun when, for instance, someone discovers that just a short time before at your dinner table he had enjoyed "ryekut" (turkey), "snigerds" (dressing) and "snacreebrir" (cranberries). As a hint, you may announce that you would enjoy some "solarc" (carols) afterwards, and expect them really to do justice to "Nislet Thing" (Silent Night). Each word correctly 'unscrambled' will count 5.

Christmas Greetings.—In this game, the players will "mail" Christmas cards to "friends" living in twelve different states. Prepare beforehand twelve boxes—perhaps half-pound tea boxes, small cereal boxes or plain boxes if you have them—by labeling with the name of one of the states. Cut a slot in each box where the "mail" may be deposited. Then hide the boxes around the house, in places fairly easy to find (not under beds, in closets, or dresser drawers). To save time, be sure to tell the players in which rooms the mail boxes are hidden. Select the names of four cities in each of the twelve states, and write the name of a city on each of four dozen small cards. These are the "Christmas greetings" that are to

be mailed. Be sure you do not include the name of the state, for this game is to be a test of the players' knowledge of geography as well as their ability to locate the mail boxes.

Give each player one of the cards and have him write his name on the back of it. At a given signal they all set out to mail their cards. No one is to reveal the hiding place of any box he may discover as he searches for his own. After mailing his first greeting, each player returns to get another, and you give out the cards as fast as the players come for them. When all are mailed, collect the boxes and credit each player with 25 points for every card he mailed correctly. For any he mailed incorrectly, deduct 25 points from his score.

Proverbs.—Your guests are now ready to rest a bit; so give everyone a pencil and a piece of typewriter paper with a number on it, together with a small piece of paper on which you have written that same number and a well-known proverb. Each player is given a different proverb. Here are a few suggestions: A stitch in time saves nine. All is not gold that glitters. Make hay while the sun shines. A fool and his money are soon parted. Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

Now, have your guests illustrate the proverbs with pictures only (no words are to be used). You may unearth some latent artistic talent, but match-stick figures will do very well. When they have finished, collect the papers and the cards. Then give each player a blank sheet of paper and pass the

(Continued on page 36.)



Family Fun

By WALTER KING

CHRISTMAS is Christmas, and as it comes only once a year, new entertainment should be the order of the day. What you need most are games easily set up, with simple rules and with an appeal for all ages. Friends and relatives, big and little, should all have a finger in the Christmas fun pie.

Somebody has to be the master of ceremonies. This may just as well be you. Plan your games to suit your environment. The first two suggested below should be played out of range of bric-a-brac, pictures, and lamps.

Is there a rubber ball in the house? **Saucepan Catch** is the funniest fun. The player holds a saucepan in one hand and the ball in the other. Then he tosses the ball so that it will bounce from the floor to the wall and then into the pan. Once you find the correct distance for the starting place, the rest is easy . . . if you can throw with equal force each time. Give each player a chance to warm up. Then count the number of times he can catch the ball without a miss. Highest score wins.

After that demonstration of individual skill, move on to **Ping-Pong-Ping**, which is just about the most fascinating indoor game you can play. Two players, standing about three or four feet apart, tap a Ping-pong ball back and forth with a Ping-pong paddle. The players may move as close to one another as they wish, but they must take turns in hitting the ball. Once the ball touches the floor, the round is over, and two other players take the paddles. A referee

counts the number of consecutive taps the ball gets before either player misses. A score of 20 is good for beginners. The century mark (100) is something to shoot for.

A dozen paper pie plates is all the apparatus you need for **Set the Table**, an activity team game. Divide into two teams and have the players on each team see how many plates they can land on a table about ten feet from the throw line. At the same time, keep track of who gets the highest individual score. Make this a handicap game if youngsters are in on it. Under 6 years of age, six feet away; 6 to 10, seven feet away; 11 to 15, eight feet away, and 16 plus, ten feet away.

In any or all of the above games, offer a small prize such as a big Christmas orange, or a chocolate Santa Claus for the best performance.

Company coming in for the evening? A **Weight Guessing Contest** is fun. Pass cards and pencils around, and ask everyone to write down the combined weight of all present, and to sign his name to his guess. You'll be surprised at the guesses, especially around Christmas time. After cards are collected, the guessers go, one by one, to the bathroom scales for a weighing-in. Maybe you have a one-ton party in the house. Who knows until you weigh them?

Sometimes you require a game where the older members of the

gathering would rather sit in and watch while the young ones go through the necessary antics. All right! Call for a **Balloon Hunt**. Ask the players to sit around in a circle. Then place an inflated balloon on the floor inside the circle. A likely-looking hunter is blindfolded and spun around a few times. Then he is told to burst the balloon by stamping on it. By controlling the *Oh's* and *Ah's* of the onlookers, you will have plenty of fun watching useless stamping where there is no balloon at all. Sometimes, too, the hunter touches the balloon with his foot but fails to burst it. Complications set in if the onlookers kick the balloon to confuse the hunter. A time limit, say three minutes, is set for each player. The winner is the hunter who bursts the balloon the quickest.

A game that is fun for all, is **Pin the Star on the Christmas Tree**. Yes, it is like the old standby, "Pin the Tail on the Donkey." Each player, blindfolded, tries to pin a paper star on the top of a Christmas tree drawn on a large piece of paper and hung on the wall. The player whose star is nearest to the top is the winner.

Christmas, more than any other time of the year, calls for merry, mix-'em-up games that everyone can enjoy. Even where you have a demonstration of individual skill, endeavor to have those not taking part do the "rooting" or laughing. That way, when the Christmas lights go out, happy memories remain of the "best Christmas ever"!

The Little Brown Donkey

(From page 27.)

to me that I couldn't go another step.

"When I remember this part of the story I always think of how wonderful it was the evening that Joseph said we were almost there. The sun had gone down, and it was quiet and dim along the dusty road. I was plodding along patiently when Mary noticed little twinkling lights ahead of us.

"Oh look, Joseph!" she cried. "Lights! Can that be Bethlehem?"

"Yes, Mary, that is Bethlehem," he said, and his voice sounded so relieved and glad. "Now you and the little brown donkey can rest."

"Joseph must have been very tired, too, because he had walked all the way to Bethlehem, but he never said a word about himself.

"I tried to hurry as we came into the town, but I couldn't. Even though it was night, the streets were full of people and animals, and men were shouting at their camels and donkeys and calling to people they knew. We looked for the inn and finally we came to it, and Joseph went to the door. The innkeeper asked him what he wanted.

"We need a place to stay tonight and a place for our donkey, too," said Joseph. The man shook his head.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but there is no room for you here. You're too late. Look at these crowds of people. Bethlehem is overflowing."

"We all just looked at each other, too tired and discouraged to say a word. The man started to go back into the inn, but then he must have felt sorry for us, because he turned around and said,

"If you want to go around to the rear with your donkey, there will be room for all of you in the stable. It's a pretty poor place to offer, but there's clean hay there, and you can lie down and rest."

"So we went back to the stable. It was quiet and dark, and sweet with the smell of the new hay and the breath of the animals. There wasn't any noise at all, except the sleepy cooing of the doves and the gentle chewing sound of animals eating hay. I lay down in a corner right away and fell fast asleep.

"The next thing I knew I was awakened by light in the dimness of the stable. I blinked my eyes and when I could see, I noticed that the light seemed to shine around the place where Mary rested in the hay. Then I saw that the baby had come and Mary was holding it in her arms. She had fixed swaddling cloths to wrap it in. I went over to look, and I thought it was the dearest baby I had ever seen. The other animals crowded close to look, too.

"Joseph," said Mary, cuddling the baby up under her chin, "we'll call him JESUS. Isn't it a lovely name?"

"Before Joseph had time to answer, there was a stir outside and some shepherds came into the light. They had

lambs in their arms and they laid them down before our baby. Then they knelt down on the ground, and it almost looked as if they were praying. It was very quiet in the stable. Pretty soon they stood up and wrapped their cloaks around them. They turned for one last look at the baby and then they walked out into the night. One of them patted my nose as he went by. The lovely light faded out of the stable, and Mary and the baby went to sleep. We all settled down, and the only sound was the sleepy cooing of the doves and the comfortable sound of animals chewing their cuds."

The little brown donkey shook himself and took a bit of hay.

"My, my!" he said, "That was a long time ago! I've almost forgotten how it all happened. Jesus is a big boy now, but I still like to think about the night he was born in Bethlehem."

The plump white doves cooed with pleasure.

"What a good story!" sighed the sheep. "Nothing ever happens to us." The little brown donkey wagged his long shaggy ears and lay down to sleep, and all the talk in the stable was finished until another Christmas Eve.

Merry Christmas

(From page 34.)

drawings around, one at a time, so that everyone sees them. If a player can identify a proverb, he writes down the number and his guess. Score 5 for each correct answer.

Artistic?—Give each player a sheet of newspaper. Have him tear it in half. Out of the first half, which he must hold behind his back, he is to tear out a

Christmas tree, and out of the other half, a Santa Claus, or a reasonable facsimile of one. Then all artistic productions are displayed, and it will be fun trying to decide which are the trees and which are good old St. Nick. Score each artist according to the results obtained, 10 for a good reproduction, 5 if it is recognizable.

Ring the Bell.—From a doorway between two rooms, suspend a paper wreath so that it hangs about head high. Hang a little bell inside the wreath at the center of the opening. Cover three Ping-pong balls with a thin layer of cotton, to resemble little snowballs. This may be done by covering the balls with a coating of mucilage, and rolling them in light layers of cotton.

The balls are given to each player in turn, and he must attempt to throw them through the wreath, hitting the bell as he does so. This takes more skill than you think. Give each player two turns, and score him 20 for each time he rings the bell, and 10 for each time he throws the ball through the wreath but fails to ring the bell.

Reindeer Shoes.—This game is a Christmas version of horseshoes. Instead of horseshoes, use a pair of embroidery hoops. And for the stake, use a cowbell or a soda bottle. Place the "stake" at one end of the room. Each contestant in turn attempts to throw the reindeer shoes over the "stake." Score 10 for a ringer, and 5 for a leaner. Give each player two or three turns, depending upon the time you wish to devote to this game.

Finale.—Add the scores. For the two or three highest, award a little prize which you have tied up in your best Christmas-package fashion.

Rymer Satchrims! Phapy Ewn Eray!

The First Snowfall

Purple beauty rests where snow has fallen

Over country hill and meadow site

Where nature deftly scatters winter pollen

Shaken from the flower-clouds at night.

Shadows spread uneven where a certain

Tree is standing, arms extended, bare,

And sleeping grapevines draped their lacy curtain

Near the footprint code of varying hare.

The city is a picture, charcoal drawn,

Its gutters strewn with mounds of displaced snow,

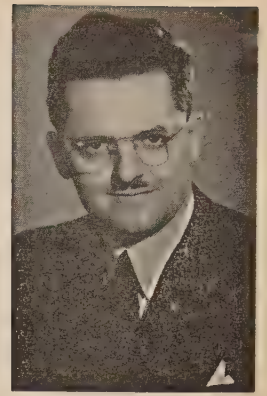
And here and there a patch of muddy lawn

Where running feet had hoped a sled would go.

The city in disgust shakes off the white;

The country wears the garment with delight.

BERNICE AMES



Family Counselor

A successful wife does not try to hold her husband by beauty alone, for in a few years other girls can outbid her on that score.

Question (from Julia B., aged 18, who is in love with a high school classmate): "Dr. Crane, my parents want me to go on to college, but I want to get married and so does Bob," she said. "We have gone together for a year. I never had any dates with other boys before I met Bob, and we have kept steady company ever since our first evening together. So, Dr. Crane, do you think I am too young to get married? My mother told me to come down to see you and get your advice."

MARRY AT TWENTY-TWO

At the time of George Washington, the only occupation open to the great majority of women was matrimony. And a girl of seventeen was fully able to wash dishes, make the beds and do the other simple household chores of that age. Besides, there was no thought of high school or college, or a business career. A girl would grow tired of working for her mother and father, and would feel much more elated at the thought of being mistress of her own home, so she would enter marriage at fifteen to seventeen years of age.

Nowadays, however, the situation has changed, and city girls do not marry, on an average, till twenty-two. For running a home and being a successful wife in this twentieth century involves much more than washing dishes or making beds. A wife may be her hus-

band's greatest business asset if she is cultured and can mingle socially with his associates, or entertain for his clients and other friends.

ARE YOU A GOOD WIFE?

A wife's kitchen skill is thus but one of a dozen assets necessary for successful twentieth-century marriage. Women must now be able to operate their home on a business-like basis. They must know how to budget. Modern wives should also know some child psychology, for they will want to be at least average as mothers. And they need social poise and conversational skill.

In 1776, a wife did not need those virtues so evidently, for she might live ten miles from the nearest neighbor. Today, however, she lives in an urban civilization which throws her in crowds almost every day.

Few modern girls of eighteen have enough social experience to keep pace with wives of twenty-five who have charm and conversational ability, practical business or office experience, and the poise that comes with having earned money as a stenographer or secretary for a few years. Can a blushing eighteen-year-old bride expect to show the executive skill necessary to preside at a meeting of the church ladies' aid meetings?

MEN WANT VERSATILE WIVES

At seventeen or eighteen, a fellow may be enamoured of a girl's pretty face and her cute imitations of some Hollywood actress's speech or mannerisms. But these things are not enough to hold a man who is twenty-five or thirty, for sexual

attraction palls unless there is mental stimulation and mutual social interests to tie them together inseparably.

There is also plenty of competition among pretty faces; so if a wife hopes to hold her husband by her physical beauty, she is playing a losing battle. For time will wrinkle her skin, and a new bevy of youthful beauties will parade with each high school graduating class.

Women may win a man by their beauty but they cannot hold him by that alone. It is too easy for men to avail themselves of other beauties! This is a man's world, and men know it.

But it isn't easy for a man to find a wife who has charm and poise, the ability to make friends graciously and understand his moods. So if you wish to hold a husband permanently, send for my "Test for Successful Wives." This rating scale will show you what men really admire in wives and thus insure your being a happy wife in the years to come.

♦ ♦ ♦

Danny's case illustrates several basic laws of psychology which all parents and teachers should know well. Danny is already launched on the road to self-reliance, for he is able to be happy in various social environments.

When Danny, the next to the youngest of our five children, was three and a half years of age, he had a chance to go visiting. Danny's eyes sparkled, for "Wah-wah," as he called her, was a favorite cousin, and the idea of a bus ride also enticed him. "Mamma go?" he asked eagerly.

"No, I must stay here and look after David and Judy," his mother replied.

This seemed to dampen his enthusiasm a little bit. "My come back?" he inquired.

"Yes, you'll come back in a few days."

"My go," he stated.

A STUDY IN PSYCHOLOGY

Several illuminating bits of child psychology are contained in this dialogue between Danny and his mother.

First, you will observe that Danny uses the possessive pronoun "my" for the personal pronoun "I." Youngsters frequently do this. The great American psychologist William James once explained that the idea of "self" covers our possessions. So here is a beautiful example of that fact. The pronoun "my" thus distinguishes Danny's toys from those of the other children. His playthings are a part of himself. His "my" is really comparable to a trademark, for it quickly distinguishes Danny from David or Judy or the others in the family.

LET CHILDREN VISIT

The second psychological point to mention is Danny's desire for his mother's company. Even the delightful anticipation of going with his cousin to the farm, via a large bus, couldn't make him forget the wish to have his mother near.

This is a characteristic reaction of children and very laudable, at least up to a certain point. But social maturity demands that we learn to lean upon ourselves more and more, and depend less and less upon our parents. A child cannot be mollycoddled till he is old enough to go to college, and then be expected to stand upon his own feet, self-reliant and self-assured. Consequently, the process of building self-reliance in an individual should begin in early childhood. He should be taught to stay at home for an evening with some loved one, while his parents attend the movies.

BUILD SELF-RELIANCE

He should be encouraged to play with youngsters in neighboring

homes. He should learn to be reasonably happy while visiting his grandparents or other loved ones, though his mother and father are not present. Obviously, this educational process should be gradual. And the child should always be told the facts of the case, and reassured that his parents will soon be back with him.

Danny had never gone away alone for a visit until this trip. But he was willing to do so when he realized that he would be able to come back to Mamma shortly. Besides, he was in the company of a beloved cousin whom he regarded much as a substitute mother. Be-

ing one of five children, moreover, he was accustomed to only twenty per cent of our parental attention, so the shock was not as great as if he had been an "only" child, used to one hundred per cent of maternal devotion.

Send for my "Tests for Good Parents." Rate yourselves thereon at regular intervals and use them in your church school classes and PTA meetings for similar purposes.

(Always write to Dr. Crane in care of this magazine when you send for one of his psychological charts. Enclose a long 3-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope and a dime.)

CHRISTMAS IN JAPAN

(From page 10.)

gifts to the missionary. The Japanese know that we Americans exchange gifts at this time, so they seek to help us follow our own customs while we are in their land. It is a kind of courtesy. They also are saying thank you for anything we may have done for them during the year. What we have done for a person or a group decides how big or how little the gift will be. To an extent, it is a gift of love. And to an extent also, Christmas is used as an excuse for paying a debt which the people feel they owe for having been helped. As people's understanding of Christianity deepens, this type of giving lessens, but it still remains a source of distress for most missionaries, mixed, of course, with happiness in the fellowship enjoyed. In this brief picture of Christmas in Japan, we see that Japan has adapted our entire American way of celebrating Christmas. To judge by outward appearances alone one would hardly know whether he was in Japan or America. But underneath there is a difference, as there must be when customs of a religious nature are used in a Christian country and in a non-Christian one. Of course, the United States is not perfectly Christian but it is more so, as a whole, than Japan. In the United States one is aware of a feeling of good will, of good fellowship permeating all of our relations during this season.

In Japan, this is not so. The difference is an intangible something which is very hard to describe or explain. One Japanese student expresses it this way:

I don't know much about Christmas in Korea, but in Japan some people do celebrate Christmas, but it is somewhat different from America. Even though we have everything which Christmas needs, for instance Christmas trees, Santa Claus and presents, there is something missing. I guess we have not the 'Christmas Spirit' which the Americans have. It's that gay and joyous feeling that both children and adults have at Christmas.

Often in America people become very much concerned about the commercialization of Christmas. It is true that American stores have taken over Christmas in a manner to be deplored. But this abuse does not begin to compare with the way in which Christmas is used in Japan to increase sales. There Christmas customs are used to make money but only the Christians have any true conception of the wonderful meaning of it all. The visible signs of Christmas can be copied, but the spirit can never be copied until all of Japan is Christian and the "Christian Spirit" comes to live there.

It Helped "Save" Christmas

(From page 19.)

Another listener said that Dickens' reading of the *Carol* was so realistic he felt the novelist himself was actually eating dinner at the Cratchits'. He could hear Tiny Tim banging on the table with his knife, while the two older boys rammed their spoons into their mouths to prevent asking for goose before the proper moment.

In the century that has gone by since *A Christmas Carol* was written, twenty-four editions have been published, and millions of copies sold. Few years go by without the appearance of new editions; many are beautifully bound and illustrated, selling at high prices. But for those who cannot afford such luxuries, inexpensive editions are available. Some time ago the Atlantic Monthly Press

published a replica of the original edition. The *Carol* has been dramatized and is always popular in schools; also it has been made into a moving picture. It is now an American Christmas tradition for Lionel Barrymore to read it on the radio each year.

A Christmas Carol is still very much alive today. Stephen Leacock once said: "All the world has rejoiced in the sheer beautiful idealism of it. Literature has no finer picture than the redeemed Scrooge at his window on the frosty Christmas morning. . . . It is of no consequence whether *A Christmas Carol* is true to life. It is better than life."

* * *

EDITOR'S NOTE.—John Forster, Dickens' friend and biographer, gave this evaluation of the *Carol*:

There was indeed nobody that had not some interest in the message of the *Christmas Carol*. It told the selfish man to rid himself of selfishness; the just man to make himself generous; and the good-natured man to enlarge the sphere of his good nature. Its cheery voice of faith and hope, ringing from one end of the island to the other, carried pleasant warning alike to all that if the duties of Christmas were wanting no good could come out of its outward observances; that it must shine upon the cold hearth and warm it, and into the sorrowful heart and comfort it; that it must be kindness, benevolence, charity, mercy, and forbearance, or its plum pudding would turn to bile, and its roast beef be indigestible.

BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A. Ate dinner -----	15 56 49 84 88
B. A holy person, as Peter, or Paul -	24 44 60 31 18
C. Acquired, or earned -----	45 13 95 6 16 39
D. A jogging pace, as that of a horse	126 54 10 118
E. To brag -----	22 69 75 112 61
F. A small, wild singing bird -----	67 62 43 121 73 1
G. A compartment in a house -----	111 123 27 74
H. New or unused, not stale -----	34 117 63 125 106
I. Cut down, as grass on the lawn -	11 50 105 21 57
J. Made a trip or excursion from place to place -----	25 7 42 64 20 71
K. A dense growth of trees, covering a large area -----	53 33 81 4 96 82
L. Animal something like a sheep, but smaller -----	122 80 35 108
M. Captured -----	40 2 70 29 102 8
N. Chin whiskers -----	47 114 30 87 17
O. The end of a horse's foot -----	100 120 86 79
P. On the inside -----	97 5 89 68 72 14

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50
51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60
61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70
71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80
81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90
91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110
111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120
121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130

Solution, page 45.

Q. A journey, as by sea -----	3 37 76 55 92 23
R. Nickels, dimes, dollars, bills, etc.	12 41 28 104 91
S. Paid attention to -----	19 46 66 78 59 32
T. One less than a baseball team ---	77 98 36 83 51
U. In that place -----	99 109 48 26 103
V. The back of the foot -----	119 110 124 85
W. The one and the other -----	65 113 101 90
X. Made a sound like a pigeon -----	9 38 93 116 94
Y. Conceited -----	115 52 107 58

Sweet Burden

(From page 13.)

like a big sheet of ice. It took a long time for Grandpa to go to sleep and when he did, he woke up almost immediately after. Was that Maudie bending over him? Was it her voice that asked, "Are you all right, Dad?"

With tumbling heart he started up, almost shouting, "Yes—yes!" But when he turned on the light all he saw was that tiny fragment of a dog shivering on the rug in front of his bed. It looked up at him with its what-are-you-doing-here eyes, but when he reached out his hand it scuttled with flea-like hops into the dark room beyond. *Poor mite*, he thought.

THE NEXT DAY had a hundred hours, all crawling by on leaden hands and knees. Vainly Alicia tried to get Grandpa interested in this or that, and bravely he struggled to respond, but he just couldn't. Something had gone out of him, he hardly knew what. He

knew only that where he had felt strong, he now felt helpless and confused, terribly confused.

When a man gets old he has no business making changes any more, he told himself. Anyway, *I should have waited till after Christmas.*

At last it was bedtime and he was thankful. But he had slept only a short time when he was roused by the flaming pains in his knees.

Oh, if Maudie were only here! She always knew *exactly* what to do. In fact, he usually got so interested in her method and her liniments and remedies that he forgot his pain and drowsed off before she was finished with rubbing his knees.

Should he call Alicia? He hesitated, then realized he must. She came at once and stood at the foot of his bed. "What is it, Dad?" she asked sleepily. "Liniment? Oh, dear, I'm afraid we don't have anything like that. You see, Bert and I don't believe in medicines. Wouldn't my heating pad do,

Dear?" She drew her housecoat about her and shivered.

"Should put on liniment first," he grumbled.

"Oh, Dad, that's silly," she laughed. "It's just your imagination that makes you *think* liniment helps. You must think *good* thoughts, Dad. Not negative ones. That's what I do. . . ."

Grandpa looked up at her from under his bushy eyebrows. "But these ain't your knees, Daughter," he reminded her gently, his eyes twinkling in spite of his pain. "I still want some liniment."

Well, Alicia finally got the liniment from a neighbor, but she did nothing "right." After a while Grandpa feigned relief just so she'd go away and leave him alone. As he adjusted the heating pad over his aching knees he said a queer thing and he said it right out loud. "I've been a silly old chump!" he said.

Now none of Grandpa's misery had escaped Alicia, and her heart was wrung. It had her pondering,

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too. What could have happened between him and Maudie that he would go through all this? Grandpa had never been a wanderer. This sudden willingness to pull up roots and go elsewhere stood for more than met the eye. Tomorrow, if he didn't feel better, she meant to get at the bottom of things.

THE NEXT morning—it was the fourth day of Grandpa's stay—he *wasn't* feeling better. She could tell that by the way he pushed his oatmeal about in the bowl, the way his empty eyes stared straight ahead at nothing. Her heart went out to him and so she went over to him and laid an affectionate arm across his shoulders. She kissed his cheek, as thin and finely veined as an autumn leaf.

"You're homesick, Dad, aren't you?" she asked gently.

Grandpa put his elbows beside his bowl and clasped his hands together above it. He leaned his forehead against them, swallowed a time or two, then nodded. Just nodded, that's all.

"I knew it," said Alicia. She pulled out a chair across the little table from him and sat down. "Now tell me all about everything," she said. "I think I ought to know. Tell me, what did Maudie do?"

Overwhelmed, Grandpa just let the story come as it would—haltingly, almost without making sense. Only one thing showed clearly through it all—his great hurt.

"I'm a burden to her," he mumbled at last, wiping his eyes on the back of a sleeve, "just nothin' but a burden. . . ."

Alicia's big smile across the table was like pure sunshine. She came around the table and hugged his head to her, hard. "Of course you are," she said cheerfully, "but you're a *sweet burden*. We're all burdens to one another and thank God for it. It shows that we *belong*.

"And now," she added as she sat down beside him, "I'm going to show you what a dear old ninny you are." She laid a hand over his, all tight and rigid on the table beside his untouched bowl. "Maudie didn't mean *you* when she said that. She didn't mean you any



"Get into that mud! Just look at yourself—you're as clean as a little human!"

more than she meant herself, or Paul—or the children. If you stayed here a while longer you would probably hear me saying it," she added with a little smile. "It's what you hear in just about every home in the land. We're all in this together, rich or poor. But it will work out—you'll see."

How wise she was, this wonderful girl of his. Stone after stone was rolling from Grandpa's heart. He listened raptly.

"Now I'm going to tell you one thing," Alicia went on energetically, "you're going back. You belong with Maudie and the children. . . ."

He gave a big start. "But—but they'd laugh at me. They. . . ."

"Nonsense! You didn't commit yourself, exactly. Now you're just coming back a bit sooner, that's all. *After all, who doesn't want to be home for Christmas?* Anyway, Maudie's no hand to pick a thing to pieces, you know that. But you be good now and don't go around *looking for trouble*. It's too easy to find. . . ."

A thousand words rushed to Grandpa's lips, but before he could give utterance to any of them, Alicia said with new gravity, "Bert and I were talking last night about this. We knew you were just homesick; anyway, we've decided to give you an allowance each month—no, don't shake your head, we will do it. It's only fair. Then you can give Maudie a little every time and that way we'll all be happy. It

won't be much," she warned him smilingly. "Remember, we're all in the same boat. And now, Daddy"—she squeezed his big hand with a meaningful look—"you do your part—you be good."

What can one say when the heart is simply too full? One must at least wait until the joyful churning has subsided—and Grandpa did. Then he asked the question he was almost ashamed to ask, "When do you figure we could go?" he queried, fearfully.

"Just as quick as you can put on your hat and coat," was the reply.

IT WAS THE night before Christmas at Maudie's house, and, oh, the excitement! First, the turkey—contributed by Grandpa, by the way—was made ready. Now swathed in a snow-white cloth, it lay in regal disdain on a shelf of its own in the refrigerator. The family watched Maudie close the door on it and then everybody went into the living room where the big tree stood, bare arms outstretched, waiting to be adorned. Its fragrance filled the room; its significance lay at every heart. The children regarded it wide-eyed.

Grandpa had drawn a chair to the heat register. There he could toast his knees and not miss anything that went on in the room. He was filled with the most wonderful thing in the whole world—still, sweet content. His eyes moved slowly about, taking in all the beloved old details—Paul, sprawled in his chair, listening lazily to the news, the lamplight shining on Kathie's bright pigtails as she bounced around the room, the way little Johnny said, "'Scuse me," every time he *stepped*, not fell, over his father's outstretched feet.

Maudie was up on a chair in the doorway of the little closet. She reached up and took down the cardboard box that held the tree trimmings and she turned around with it in her hands. She looked at it for a minute, then asked, "Will somebody tell me where all the dust comes from every year?" She blew a little puff of it out into the room and everyone laughed. Then she came down off the chair

in a funny little leap, saying, "Come now, Paul, 'the ladder's ready. . . ."

Then Grandpa saw his wheel of life make yet another turn. It was when Paul looked over at his tall slim son and said, "Let Jimmy do it. He's the next man coming up. He can do it better than I."

So up the ladder went Jimmy like a squirrel. He stood there waiting.

"Hand him the angel, somebody," directed Maudie.

AT LAST the tree was trimmed and everyone except Maudie went off to bed. She stayed up to do a few last-minute things around the kitchen. Grandpa, in bed, with little Johnny cuddled by his side, lay in the soft dark listening to her footsteps, going here and there. A wonderful girl, Maudie.

Suddenly she poked her head in the doorway.

"Good night, Dad," she whispered loudly, then added softly, "are you all right, Dear?"

He turned his head and looked at her there silhouetted against the warm golden lamplight in the kitchen. *Just like an angel*, he thought, *exactly like an angel*. His heart was full as he told her how it was with him.

"I'm fit as a fiddle," he said.

Family Ventures in Community Cooperation

(From page 16.)

Scouts, Boy Scouts—all are crying for leaders. The need is not just for Scout Masters or Counselors. The families of the Scouts can make or break a troop. We have in mind a Scout troop in which the families are active workers, taking part in the training and social life of the Scouts. They are knit together through projects, potluck dinners, camping trips, and other communal activities. As a group they occasionally attend the Sunday morning service of the church that sponsors the troop, though many of the families are not members of this church. Some Wednesday nights the programs at

the church are given over to the Scouts and members of their families.

One excellent way to get a community together is to give a pet show with judges, prizes, and all the things that go with it. Much planning and much community spirit can go along with such a project. The pet show may be used to foster interest in other community needs.

Backyard playgrounds can be built if public space is not available. The building and use of

Misfortunes tell us what fortune is.

—Thomas Fuller

neighborhood and community tennis, volley ball, or badminton courts, croquet grounds, swings, shuffleboard, and the setting up of such games as box-hockey, skittles, and checker tables will draw both old and young together in community cooperation and fellowship without much expense on the part of any one family.

The equipment for all of these games and many more can be made by members of the community. The school grounds and buildings could and should be made the community center for many activities. School buildings should be in use nearly every night in the week by some group.

Drama and music lend themselves to most excellent use for community activity. The schools, churches, families, and individuals with talent should plan and produce free dramatic performances and musicals. A program for which admission is charged may be given occasionally to help finance some project, but in general these should be free.

Where a congenial religious group lives in an area the church should naturally be made the community center. This is more difficult to accomplish where several denominations with diverse interests abound.

Opportunities for families to take leadership in community proj-

ects are legion. Block parties, potluck dinners, or hamburger fries in some back yard for the family newly moved into the block or community create a fellowship of neighbors knit together in a feeling of belonging.

The kind of activity needed in one community differs from that needed in another. Rural communities, with the possibilities of co-operative 4-H clubs, and hobby clubs of all kinds, call for one kind of interest and program. Villages, towns, and cities each have their own peculiar interests and needs.

INDIVIDUALS and families cannot live unto themselves in a healthy state. The community spirit is essential, and the community calls for individual and family leadership. But let it be remembered that good leadership, whether it be individual or family, is the kind which follows the will of the group. Whether selected by vote or consensus of opinion, the good leader senses the will of the group and knows just what it is willing to do. He has the ability to help the group do what it wants. The leader cannot far outstrip his followers.

GOOD SOCIAL living includes community responsibility. The social units in which the younger generation grows up and in which their fathers and mothers live must be large enough to provide a situation in which all classes and callings meet one another in face-to-face relationships. There can be no stratification.

There is a mutual need of youth and age in a community. Each age group has its important function in making any community complete. The importance of the child in making, molding, and changing the family, and consequently the community, cannot be overestimated. The child creates the parent. There can be no parent without the child, any more than there can be a child without a parent. There is mutual interaction between these two in the process of social creation.

The community that has allowed its youth and young adults to be drained off is not a complete com-

munity. The young adult is the dynamic yeast that gives new life and vigor to the community.

Likewise youth needs the balancing influence of older people. The quip that "one of the difficulties with the younger generation is that it has to live with the older generation" is only a half truth. We find that when young people live in a situation where they are more or less isolated from older people, such as in dormitories, barracks, and factory communities, they live an overstimulated life that results in serious loss of strength of character. The loss of discipline in such a situation cannot be made up either by arbitrary rules such as army life imposes or by self-imposed rules such as we may find in dormitories.

It behooves every community to find ways and means to hold its youth or to attract them after they complete college. The vitality of youth must be utilized, and one important function of its work is to keep the community from atrophy, to keep the qualities of youth and age in a wholesome relationship to each other.

To this end every community must contain within itself or secure for itself proper industries and vocational opportunities for its youth and young adults. Otherwise, the native sons and daughters with ambition and leadership will not stay, and others from outside the community will not be attracted to it.

Vocational counseling and vocational planning are the obligations of every community to its youth. But this does not mean that anyone should dogmatically tell any youth what he must do with his life. In the final analysis this can be decided only by the youth involved.

Any normal family that will take stock of the needs and the resources in its community can take leadership by either accepting or seeking responsibility in some group activity or by cooperating with someone who is taking the lead. *The chief difficulty is in overcoming inertia and getting started.*

This Is the Way We Did It . . .

MAKE YOUR CHILD ACQUAINTED

By Margaret Conn Rhoads

HAVE YOU taken the pains to introduce your child and the adults he comes in contact with? Have you made it plain to him that all these people play a part in his life? That because of the duties of many older people the world about him is made easier for him to enjoy?

"Billy, this is the police officer in charge of our section of the city," I said one day when the police were summoned to our neighborhood to handle some difficult situation. "I think you will be glad to know Chief Hamilton," I explained, "because he makes this neighborhood a much safer place for all of us to live in."

Billy's eyes grew big with interest. He was delighted to meet an important officer of the law. And when the understanding man told the child he liked to know the boys on his beat because they could so often help him, Billy was immediately interested.

"You see," explained the Chief, "I am here to help all people keep out of trouble, and not, as many people think, just to bring punishment on wrongdoers. We policemen all take pride in talking over the times we have kept people from doing wrong and from having to take the consequences. Now, you boys can help us a lot."

"We can?" Billy questioned eagerly. "Tell me how." The two had a long conversation, and Billy made a friend of this adult who might otherwise have seemed to be just a man hired to catch wrongdoers and bring them to punishment. Thereafter, Billy greeted each policeman with respect and deep interest.

Again, when we went to the library to have Billy sign a card in order that he might borrow books, I introduced him to the children's librarian.

"I'm so glad to meet you," said Miss Graves. "We like to know the boys and girls who come to the library. I shall be glad to help you find any book you want, and some day, when you have time, I will take you around the shelves to show you where you can find some of the books you'll want to read."

Then she told him how many books there were in the library, some to interest all kinds of people. She asked him if it wouldn't be wonderful to know many of the characters who lived within the covers of so many books—to know them as he did Huckleberry Finn or some of the others. And she explained that

that was one of the reasons that they asked children to take good care of all the books; then many children could learn to know book friends, too.

From that time on, Billy counted this librarian as one of his real friends—another adult person that has real worth to him.

Even Jake, the garbage man, took on considerable interest to him when I had Jake tell him how early he had to get up in the morning to get at his work of keeping people's home surroundings clean and sanitary.

When Billy was taken to a dairy farm and saw the care the farmer gave his milking herd—cleaning and feeding them, milking them and processing the milk, he began to realize that many grown people have a hand in getting the milk ready for market before our milkman can load his wagon to deliver it to our door.

In like manner, Billy was introduced to the mailman, the bank clerk who keeps his account at the local bank, the minister of the church he attends, and the teachers who take a part in his education.

Thus adults have become to the child people of great importance. He now understands their direct connection with his own life. He feels that he has many people standing back of him to make life better. There is as much of interest to him in these men's lives, as he sees them carry on their daily duties, as there is in the fabled lives he reads about in his favorite books.

And because he has been introduced and made acquainted with the men and women who make his immediate world today, he will, I am sure, grow into an adult that will respect labor, management, and all the people who carry on the work of the world.

This Is the Way We Did It . . .

Hearthstone would like to hear from its readers regarding the way they have handled certain problems and situations which have come up in their families. Write-ups should be limited to 500 words or less. Contributions which are accepted will be paid for at regular rates. Only those articles will be returned which carry return postage. Here is the chance for our readers to write!

STUDY GUIDE

on "Family Ventures in Community Cooperation"

By Nellie K. and George E. Breece

—Study Article, page 14

I. Report on the Article—

1. The article should be available to all members of the study group. Perhaps those with copies of *Hearthstone* will lend them freely or place them in the church library.

2. Have someone give a brief review of the article at the beginning of the meeting. Then discuss the topics suggested below.

3. Before the meeting, the chairman should obtain a list of community projects in which your church participates, or has participated during the past year. This list should be copied on the blackboard for all to see. The chairman should also have available for his own use a list of the church officers or members who have been active in each of the projects. If any of these are present, they can then be called upon for information whenever it is needed.

II. Guiding Principles for Different Age Groups—

1. Pre-school Children:

a) Does your community make any provision for them to play in a group? Does your church?

b) What are the advantages and disadvantages of such play groups as are mentioned in the article, (1) to the children; (2) to the parents?

2. Elementary School Children:

a) These children are growing into a cooperative attitude. What provision are the church and the community making for Cub Scouts, for team games, for girls' groups and clubs, etc.?

b) Is there a recreation department responsible for cooperative and other games?

3. Youth and Young Adults:

a) Can you induce young people to stay in your community? To move into it? Do you urge your own children to leave your community for better opportunities?

b) Is it a good community in which to rear children?

c) Where playgrounds and club facilities are available, juvenile delinquency is greatly reduced. Do you have adequate play facilities; community halls; boys' and girls' clubs; music, dramatic, craft, art, hiking clubs; a public library; planned social life attractive to youth and young adults? If possible, spot map the residences of juvenile delinquents.

How does it compare with a spot map of recreational and club facilities?

d) Do you offer opportunity for educational and vocational guidance? Is there a juvenile employment bureau? Can you attract desirable industries to your community?

e) Are there any organizations to help boys and girls who get into trouble? Any to prevent them from getting into trouble?

4. Adults:

a) What are the community resources for this group, such as churches, night schools, parks, health centers, housing, etc.? Locate the principal community facilities on a map, showing areas of good and bad housing.

b) Would a community forum be of advantage to discuss questions that concern the common welfare?

When Children Come with You

Plan to have a leader who may:

Conduct a Story Hour.

Children never tire of hearing Christmas stories. There are two in this issue of *Hearthstone*. You will find others in the primary and junior story papers and in books, such as *Told Under the Christmas Tree* and *Umbrella Book*.

Guide in Making Gifts or Decorations.

Children love to make gifts for the members of their family and their friends. The leader may find suggestions for simple, but attractive, gifts to make, in such books as *Here's How and When* by Armilda Keiser, *Do-It-Fun for Boys and Girls*, by Mary and Dale Goss, and *Holiday Craft and Fun*, by Joseph Leeming.

Lead in the Singing of Carols.

Direct Games. If you have time, a seasonal game or two would be enjoyed. Suggestions for games may be found in this magazine or in *Games for Boys and Girls*, by E. O. Harbin.

5. General:

a) Are your schools as good as the community is willing to pay for? In what practical and definite ways can you aid the schools?

b) Is your community clean, beautiful and attractive? Are its homes and public buildings in good repair and kept well painted? What are the things that attract others to want to live there?

c) Do your churches have a community-wide appeal? Do they cooperate with each other interdenominationally? Is there "released time" from schools for religious instruction?

III. Summary—

1. List on the blackboard all the community activities that have been mentioned in the meeting. Underscore those in which your church has a part. Check those in which members of the study group participate.

2. List community needs that are not being cared for.

3. List the names of possible leaders.

IV. Special Features for the Meeting—

1. If there is someone in the church with a mobile recording unit, get him to record human-interest activities, such as children at play outdoors, Scout jamborees, summer camps, social centers.

2. Have someone do the same with a movie camera.

V. Resources (Books, pamphlets, etc.)—

The Small Community, by Arthur E. Morgan (Harper and Bros., 1942, 312 pp., \$3.00).

These Things We Tried, by Jean and Jess Ogden (Univ. of Virginia Press, 1947, 430 pp., \$3.00).

Elmtown's Youth, by A. B. Hollingshead (Wiley & Sons, Inc., 480 pp., \$4.00).

A Business of My Own, by Arthur E. Morgan (Community Service, Inc., Yellow Springs, Ohio, 1946, 192 pp., \$2.00).

A list of books and pamphlets on the community may be obtained free from the Community Service, Inc., which also publishes *Community Service News*, a bimonthly magazine (\$2.00 a year).

Use the *Reader's Guide* to find articles in such magazines as *Recreation*, *Parents' Magazine*, *Atlantic Monthly*.

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

Biblegram, page 39

"Have I not commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the LORD thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."—Joshua 1:9.

The Words

A. Dined	M. Caught
B. Saint	N. Beard
C. Gained	O. Hoof
D. Trot	P. Within
E. Boast	Q. Voyage
F. Thrush	R. Money
G. Room	S. Heeded
H. Fresh	T. Eight
I. Mowed	U. There
J. Toured	V. Heel
K. Forest	W. Both
L. Goat	X. Cooed

Y. Vain

Send Personal Christmas Cards

(From page 23.)

up some event that has been meaningful in our family—a high school or college graduation, a wedding anniversary, a trip—and this year it will be the first wedding in the family.

Someone in your family may have more art ability than anyone in ours. There are innumerable ways he may use that ability in preparing Christmas cards. He may draw on a stencil for mimeographing, or make a stencil for spatter printing. Or, he may carve a potato or a linoleum block for block printing, or a wood block for hand printing.

Families should use facilities that are easily accessible to them. The mimeograph and printing press have always been at our fingers' tips, so we have used them often. We know a family who buys pretty card stock each year. Then, with scissors and colored inks, plus their artistic abilities, they cut pictures from old Christmas cards, paste them on the new card stock, cut or tear to the size they want, add a few lines and curves here and there, print their own message and have very original cards.

Have I helped you? Let me urge you to get away from the usual Christmas card. We would rather receive a personal greeting, though it is a mimeographed message on a one-cent postal card—no, two cents this year—than an elaborate, ornate and expensive parchment folder. Cards are appreciated because they are personal and carry a message from the heart of one friend to the heart of another.

Send personal Christmas cards. Make the creation and the sending of them family projects. It will be more work than going to the store to buy them, but it will pay big dividends in developing Christian attitudes in the hearts and minds of your children. As your family shares in creating something together, you will all have a great sense of belong-

ing together and of being interdependent. This project will come to mean more and more to you as the years advance.

Merry Christmas to you and yours. And may you receive many personal Christmas cards from friends and relatives!

Sincerely,

FLORENCE

Bad Neighbor Policy

(From page 32.)

you get him to play on the other side of the house most of the time?"

"I will," she said.

But after two days of that she was worn out.

"All I do," she told Joe, "is run to the door to call Joey back to the other side of the house! It's too much! I don't mean just the extra trouble. I could stand that. What I can't stand is living this way. It's unnatural. There's only one thing to do. We'll just have to move."

"Move!" Joe gasped. "We just moved *here*! Besides, I thought you love this house. . . ."

"I do." She looked about regretfully at the pleasant room. "That is, I did. But what's a house? Just some wood and stuff. We'll find another we like as well. We might even *buy* one."

As she had expected, Joe hit the ceiling. But in the end he gave in. It would be good to buy a home. Where they lived was more important to her than to him, and anyway, his natural inclination was to give her what she wanted.

While looking for a house, Dinny always made inquiries about the neighbors. At last she found the perfect place. The house was a good deal like the one they had rented, the yard was lovely with blooming flowers, and young Mrs. Dibs, who was offering the place for sale, volunteered the information

that the neighbors on both sides were wonderful.

"I surely was blue when I found out my husband was being transferred," she said. "I just hated to leave my neighbors. Miss Perkins and Mrs. Adams are both wonderful! Especially Joan Adams. She and I are real pals—always visiting back and forth."

"Who is Miss Perkins?" Dinny asked cautiously.

"Oh, she's on the other side. She's a schoolteacher. She lives alone and, of course, she's gone from home a lot, but she's very kind and considerate."

THAT SETTLED IT. Dinny decided right then they'd buy the place. The next few days were hectic, running about to attend to the details of purchasing a house and moving.

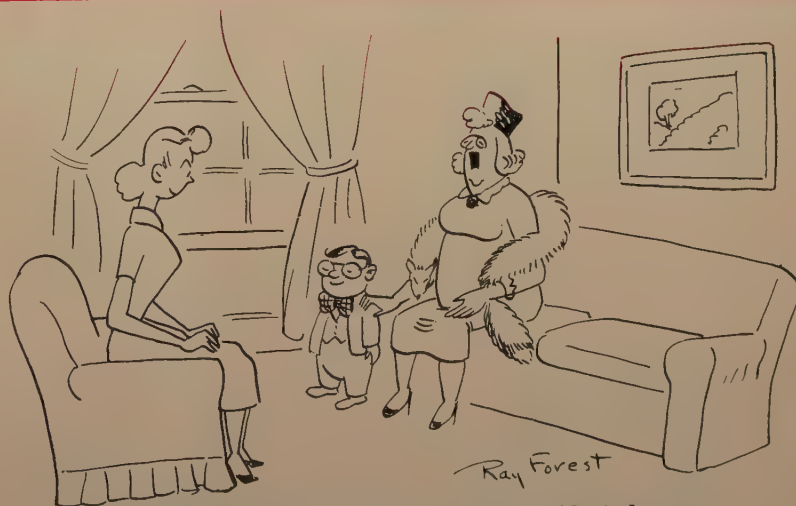
She'd certainly got out of *that* nicely, she thought.

And Mrs. Dibs hadn't exaggerated the neighborly qualities of Joan Adams or Miss Perkins one bit, she learned. They were both as friendly as she'd always thought neighbors should be. She saw Miss Perkins infrequently, but liked immensely what she did see of her. Joan and her husband Will seemed eager to make friends right away. They had a son just Joey's age, and the two boys fell into having intense good fun from the start.

It was just perfect, Dinny sighed to herself. She was so glad they'd made the move.

Joan certainly had none of Elise's touchiness about running in and out of each other's house. Before a week had passed, Joey and Billy seemed to have forgotten which house was his own. It worked out wonderfully, because the boys were happy only when together, and it was easier on Joan and her for Dinny to watch them when they were at Walters', and for Joan to keep an eye on them when they played at the Adams'.

It actually took two weeks for a wrinkle to make its appearance on all this smoothness.



"I stopped raising my Hubert to be President, because with the new law, the job won't be permanent."

Having turned on her automatic washer one morning to get out the daily batch of baby clothes for Tommy, Dinny decided to catch up on the rest of her laundry. When she had a big basketful of clothes she started out to hang them up, but stopped short at the back door. Her lines were already full of drying clothes. *Now, where did those come from?* she thought, bewildered. But as she looked, she recognized some of Billy's clothing. Wondering why Joan hadn't hung them in her own yard, she glanced over and saw that Joan had no clotheslines—something she hadn't noticed before.

There was nothing to do but take her laundry back in. She was determined to make the best of it cheerfully, although she began to be dismayed as the day wore on and Tommy began to run out of diapers. It was night before Joan gathered in her laundry, and Dinny's giggle was rather shaky as she hung up her clothes in the dark.

Another time she came out to see Joan snipping away at the flowers in the Walters' back yard.

"Hi," Joan called. "Will's boss is coming to dinner tonight and I'm picking flowers for the house." She crinkled her engagingly freckled nose. "Yours are so much nicer than mine."

"Help yourself," Dinny said cordially, but she couldn't help wincing as Joan went right on down the edge of the flower bed, clipping every gladiolus in it.

As time went on, it became evident that Joan had absolutely no sense of separate ownership. She borrowed and never returned. She used Dinny's electric mixer, keeping it till Dinny sent for it. She had Will move some enormous trunks from their house to the Walters' house "because you have a basement." There was no keeping track of all the ways in which she made use of the Walters' possessions. She was equally generous with her own. The trouble was Dinny didn't want to live that way.

Wouldn't you just know, she thought, *I'd go from one extreme to another with the neighbors I get?*

She kept it to herself for a long time. For one thing, she was genuinely fond of Joan and disliked criticizing her to Joe. For another, she hated to admit that their move hadn't assured them of perfect neighbors. But she was compelled to admit it to herself.

Panic-stricken, she wondered suddenly if Joe knew. What about his relationship with Will Adams? Did he find Will's easygoing "what's-mine-is-yours-and-what's-yours-is-mine" attitude irksome?

SHE HAD to know. She'd brought this down on them, and she had to know if it were unbearable for Joe.

"How do you like the place," she asked one night, "now that we've got it fixed?"

"I like it!" he said enthusiastically. "You've done a swell job, Baby."

"But I mean *really*," she said.

"I mean *really*, too. I really like it." He looked into her eyes. "Why? Don't you?"

"Oh, of course!" She nodded to give her words emphasis. "I just meant—well, in comparison to the house we rented?"

"You know," he said, "you made a wise move that time, Honey. I like this place a lot better. It's more—oh, homey, I guess."

"What about our neighbors?" she asked casually. "Do you like them?"

"Sure," Joe said. "Of course, I don't know Miss Perkins very well, but she seems a good old soul."

"But—what about Will Adams?"

"Will? Old Will is tops. You bet I like him!" He looked into her eyes again, more keenly this time. "Don't you?"

"Of course! I like Joan and Will both. Old Joan is tops, too."

"Well, good. You had me worried for a minute there."

Dinny picked up a sock of Joey's she'd been darning. Her stitches were wide and humpy because her hands shook. She'd gone and found a place that suited Joe in all ways.

How could she tell him that they'd have to move when he liked the place so well?

But she couldn't stand living this way. She *had* to find somebody she could be good neighbors with.

The sock fell to her lap. Joe was safely behind the paper, so she looked off across the room, thinking hard. She'd wanted to be a good neighbor to Elise—I *did* like Elise, she thought. *She was a clever, charming girl. Her way was strange but . . .* And what had she done? She'd just moved away from Elise.

She'd been trying to find a neighbor tailored to fit *her*. If she moved a hundred times she'd probably not find a neighbor who suited her exactly.

Moving away from neighbors was never going to make a good one of herself.

They were settled now in a house they'd bought, and in a place Joe liked, Joey and Tommy, too. She had a neighbor *now*. Joan Adams. She was fond of Joan, and she was going to set her mind to working on a plan to get along with her just the way Joan was.

Family Customs Do Count

(From page 7.)

piece of Scripture, spoke a prayer, and then sat quietly and listened to her favorite rendition of Malotte's "Lord's Prayer," played on her phonograph. Soon her parents joined her in her room, and this devotional became a family tradition.

A deacon, the father of three small girls who didn't like too well to say

their prayers, purchased a *prie-dieu*, put an open Testament on it, a votive lamp and a picture of Christ above it and then, with his wife, knelt with the daughters for their evening prayers. The latter, in turn, have carried this practice into their own homes.

A newly married couple decided to approach their life together on their knees. They purchased a small volume which treated the adjustments of married life in a devotional manner. Each evening they read one of these meditations on in-laws, quarrels, sex, and money; they then discussed it and offered prayer concerning it. They testify that they are much closer together because of this plan.

Holidays are easily linked with tradition. The opening of Christmas packages can be a ritual. A mother was anxious to give her young children the correct conception of Santa Claus and the true meaning of Christmas giving. She told them that Santa Claus was the spirit of giving and of the love which one had in his heart. To emphasize the truth, she purchased a Santa Claus mask and each, in turn, wore the mask as he distributed his gifts to the members of the family. They still don the mask for the gift-giving ceremony. For years on Christmas Eve, they have sat down together while the father reads the Christmas story. As he came to the different characters, the member of the family responsible for that character placed it in the crèche. When completely assembled, it was undisturbed until the Yule season was over. Other families have made a tradition of reading *A Christmas Carol* sometime during Christmas Day.

Thanksgiving ought to be more than a feast day. It can be, if every member of the family writes at least one note of appreciation to some friend and delivers it personally on that day.

Little customs that will become a habit can be built up around birthdays. I know a girl whose birthday is not complete unless she has a golden angel cake. The thoughts and emotions which have grown up around that bit of pastry are no doubt as rich as its texture.

In one family on New Year's Eve, while grouped about the open grate, everyone writes on a piece of paper the worst habit of his life, and then, with great ceremony, drops it into the fire and watches it burn. Then each one writes a new resolution—only one—folds the paper, and, throughout the year, carries it in his date book or pocket-book, where it is often read and its purpose renewed.

Most American families do not have many traditions. Theirs is the loss. It behooves us to build those customs which come most naturally and helpfully to our families so that we have not only something to look forward to, which will greatly add to the joy of our living, but also much to look back upon, which will help to bring us satisfaction and peace.

Let's Sing About Christmas

(From page 4.)

Stories of Hymns We Love, by Cecilia Margaret Rudin. (John Rudin & Co., Inc., Chicago, Ill.; 96 pp., \$1.25.) The stories of several of the best-known carols are included here, but none of the music is given.

Famous Hymns, with Stories and Pictures, by Elizabeth Hubbard Bonsall. (Union Press, Phila., 1923; 136 pp., \$1.50.) Words, music and stories of several Christmas songs are included.

Carols, Customs and Costumes Around the World, by H. H. Wernecke. (Published by the Old Orchard Book Shop, Webster Groves, Mo., 1936.)

American Negro Songs, by John W. Work. (Published by Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., 1940. Reprint, 1942, \$2.50.)

The Martin Luther Christmas Book, by Roland Bainton. (Westminster Press, 1948, \$2.50.)

The Whole World Singing, by Edith Lovell Thomas. (Friendship Press, New York, 1950; 122 pp., \$1.50.) This collection of songs, both words and music, includes twelve Christmas songs from various sources.

Music Section of the World's Great Madonnas, by Evelyn Lysle Fielding and Cynthia Pearl Maus. (Harper & Bros., New York, N. Y., 1947; 90 pp., \$1.50.) Here are the words and music of forty-nine Christmas songs and carols from all parts of the world. They are arranged according to national origin.

—I. P. B.

Cuddle Bear . . .

(From page 26.)

twig or stone, or Cuddle Bear hit it. Well, anyway, over it went, big pine cone, little pine cones—all, all.

Seitter, scatter, down the bank they rolled in a rattly brown waterfall to splash into the river.

"Ee-e-e-e!" squealed Cuddle Bear as he watched them float off upon the moving waters.

"Ee-e-e-e! See what you made me do!"

Then the smarty-bear feeling turned into a really naughty-bear feeling, and before he knew it, Cuddle Bear did a horrid thing. He walked straight over to where Cinnamon Bear's basket sat on the bank and gave it a kick.

"Ee-e-e!" Cinnamon Bear squealed now, as a second waterfall of brown cones rattled down into the river.

The two little bears stood watching them bob off down the water in a tiny tipping forest, like the one they had planned to build, only this one was moving away from them.

Without a word, Cinnamon Bear picked up his willow-stem basket and

started off up the path toward his home in the thimbleberry clearing.

Cuddle Bear could only stand and watch him go. But all the smarty-bear feeling went out of him when he saw that Cinnamon Bear was leaving him. Now they could not make the pine cone forest. Worst of all, something about the way Cinnamon Bear had looked at him before he started up the path was doing something to Cuddle Bear inside. He wanted to cry. He wanted to call out to tell Cinnamon Bear that he was sorry. But, he could not.

When at last Cinnamon Bear disappeared around a bend in the forest path, Cuddle Bear picked up his own willow-stem basket and started home by the river path. It was a longer way home, but he did not think about that now.

All Cuddle Bear could think about, in fact, was how mean and naughty he had been. What was he going to tell Big Brown Bear Mama? She was expecting Cinnamon Bear to come home with him.

"I will have some honey cakes for you when you get back," Big Brown Bear Mama had told him at breakfast.

Cuddle Bear stumbled along down the path.

"I was mean. I was mean," his thoughts kept telling him at every step. He watched his feet as they carried him along, and did not look up until he came to the path that led to the old mine.

When he did look up, Cuddle Bear gave a quick gasp and blinked.

Was he seeing right?

For here, at the bend of the forest path, there was also a bend in the river. And where the waters curved to flow around a small point of land, there was a sandy shallow. There, as Cuddle Bear

blinked, he saw—yes—there lay a brown crescent of pine cones, all caught on the yellow sands. Even his own big one was lying on its side close to the river bank.

"Ee-e-e-e!" squealed Cuddle Bear as he slid down into the shallow water. "E-e-e!"

Soon he was filling his basket again. When it was full, he made a pile of what cones were left on the low bank above the shallows.

"Those are Cinnamon Bear's," he told himself. The pile was small, of course, for some of the cones had floated off and were really gone. As he stood looking at the pile, Cuddle Bear had an idea.

"I'll just take this basket to Cinnamon. That will let him know that I am sorry for what I did."

Cuddle Bear climbed up the bank. Goodness, how much better he was feeling. He could scarcely wait to go back up the path that led to Cinnamon Bear's clearing. When he turned to start up the hill he heard the pad, pad of feet coming down. He stepped around a big thimbleberry bush to find himself face to face with Cinnamon Bear himself. And Cinnamon Bear still carried his willow-stem basket, but—

Cuddle Bear's mouth dropped open. Cinnamon Bear's basket was full of pine cones, too. Cinnamon Bear was just as surprised to see Cuddle Bear's basket full, as Cuddle Bear was to see Cinnamon's full.

Cuddle Bear was the first to forget his surprise enough to speak: "Cinnamon Bear, these are your cones. I found them in the shallows. They were caught on the sand at the bend of the river by Big Willow Tree. Mine are in a pile on the bank down there. I put my big one on top. I want you to have it. It was mean of me to kick your basket, and I am sorry."

"But—" Cinnamon Bear found his voice now—"but I was bringing these to you. I went back—"

"Up that steep hill? For me?" Cuddle Bear stood staring at his friend. The strange want-to-cry feeling rose up inside him again as Cinnamon went on.

"Yes, it was my fault that your basket tipped over, and I was sorry about that."

Now, with it all out, the two little bears could look each other straight in the eye and laugh. And in that short time Piney Forest took on a sudden brightness for them. Now they could go ahead with their plan and build the play forest. Now they could eat Big Brown Bear Mama's honey cakes. Now they were really friends again.

What a difference just those two words "I'm sorry" could make! Those two words could drive away smarty-bear and naughty-bear feelings in no time when a bear truly meant them, Cuddle Bear thought. He put his arm around Cinnamon Bear, and they started up the path.

Now they were really ready to play together.

—RICHARD WHEELER

Story Plot

If I say I'll read a thrilling

Story to my son, he's willing

To remove his clothes and tumble

Into bed without a grumble.

But it seems he always glories

In extorting extra stories,

And I have to read a number

Ere he even thinks of slumber.

I believe he goes to bed to

Take his ease while being read to!



December Data

... December, the twelfth month which should be the tenth, brings the year 1952 to a close. . . . One thought, more than any other, occupies the minds of hundreds of millions of people during this month—Christmas! . . . The Birth of the Babe of Bethlehem will once more sing its way around the globe. May the echoes of that song soften the hardened hearts of men and bring us closer to that long longed-for time of “peace and goodwill.” . . . Earlier in the month Universal Bible Sunday is celebrated. The publication of the Revised Standard Version of the Holy Bible in September will add a new note to the observances of that day this year. No finer Christmas present could be given to anyone than a copy of this new Bible in Living Language. . . . Remember! The longer you have driven a car the more dangerous you are! Fatal accident statistics prove that “familiarity with a car breeds contempt for a car’s potential of destruction.” Ninety-eight and three-tenths per cent of all fatal automobile accidents were caused by drivers who had more than a year’s experience.

Here’s Where Our Money Goes

Would you like to know where your money went in 1951? Not that you can do anything about that now, but probably it went the same way during 1952 and will go much the same way in 1953. Here’s the record:

- For food, 29.2 cents out of every dollar spent.
 - For shelter, 23.6 cents out of each dollar.
 - For clothing, accessories, and jewelry, 11.9 cents.
 - For transportation and travel, 11.1 cents.
 - For personal business and care, 5.8 cents.
 - For recreation and amusement, 5.3 cents.
 - For medical care and death expenses, 4.9 cents.
 - For alcoholic beverages, 4.1 cents.
 - For tobacco products, 2.3 cents.
 - For private education and research, .9 cent.
 - For religious and welfare activities, .9 cent.
- You might find it interesting to see how your own

family’s expenditures compare with the national average.

This question comes to mind as these figures are studied. Do drinkers love their bottle more than church members love their church? The above figures say that they do, about 4.7 times as much. Since the number of church members and the number of people who drink alcoholic beverages both equal about 60 per cent of the population, it is difficult to come to any other conclusion. *Hearthstone’s* readers will want to give sober thought to this and check their own record of giving to the church against these figures.

A Program of Prevention

The American Medical Association has proclaimed alcoholism a chronic illness and has set up a research group to plan a program of prevention. If it were as easy to prevent all other forms of chronic illness as it is to prevent alcoholism the doctors could go out of business. The one, and only, sure way to prevent alcoholism is not to drink. It is very doubtful if it is possible to prevent it on any other basis. Any person who drinks at all is a potential alcoholic. Any person who doesn’t want to become an addict will find abstinence the best prevention.

We Gladly Recommend

A few months back we were compelled to caution our readers against certain claims for cut-out dolls which were developed to teach children six of the well-known Bible stories.

We are happy to call your attention to *The Christmas Story*, a sixteen-piece cut-out manger set with a colorful storybook accompanying it. While the old, old story is being read, the lovely cut-out crèche can be set up by one of the younger children. The book and the manger set are both in full color and will make an attractive addition to the Christian Christmas motif during December. The price is a reasonable \$1.50 and the set may be secured from the publishers of *Hearthstone*.



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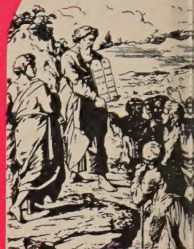
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